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THE MIRROR

A
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REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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REFLECTIONS.

Stricken Martinique

THE Martinique disaster dwarfs and eclipses all the other news of the world. It induces in every one thoughts of the littleness of man before the powers of Nature, and it lures the blase, wealthy yacht owners of Gotham to set sail immediately to view the scene of the terrible visitation. They don't care particularly for the lives lost. They want to see the spectacle of Pelee in eruption. At this writing there is no mention that any of the yacht owners are stocking their vessels with a few supplies for the relief of those who may have survived the cataclysm. They are in search of a show, that is all. But there is a better side. The spectacle of the warships in West Indian waters, belonging to all the great powers, hurrying with relief to the stricken islands is an inspiring one. Warships could not be better employed than on a mission the reverse of their original reason for existence. The nations have acted promptly in forwarding immediate assistance, even though the assistance may be almost as nothing compared with the need therefor. The effort to help is something, small though its result may be. It speaks to us in plain language saying that, in spite of slaughter in South Africa and the Philippines, there is something in the idea of the brotherhood of man. The world at large has a heart, even if the blase yacht owners of New York have none, and that heart's sympathy goes out quite earnestly to all the poor people that most of us scarcely heard of once in a decade, now that they are in the direst distress. The great calamity really touches the world more than may appear on the surface. It staggers human thought as much as such events a thousand years ago staggered it, when men knew much less of the secrets of the universe. Men are awed by it just as much as their ancestors were when Lisbon was ruined by earthquake, or when Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried under Vesuvius' lava and ashes. But as awe passes the heart of man rises up again and boldly urges him on to study the phenomenon. Men of science from all over the world are moving toward Martinique in the hope that there they will find something giving them a new clew to the mystery of the origin of this planet, and the solution of the problem of the earth's ending. Above all, the terrible event gives the preachers a chance to utter warnings to the wicked world, though none of them dare meet the natural query of the wisdom or mercy or justice of the fact that the greater number of the perished in the West Indies were not of the wicked, because the greater number of human beings anywhere are of the fairly good and virtuous. The religionists will have a great time explaining the event from their various viewpoints, but the greater number of us, whose philosophy of life and death is to hope a little and fear not at all, will incline to smile at *ex cathedra* explanations, remembering that in St. Pierre, the greater number of the dead were found in and about the great cathedral, whither they had fled to appeal to the heavens, which, nevertheless, rained on them fiery hail and poured out upon them smothering, sulphurous vapors. Before such a cataclysm the reasoning human-kind simply stands appalled. The dead are dead amid devastation, but the rest of the world is fair, and, in time to be, Nature will surely hide the mighty, holocaust in verdurous beauty and the now universal horror will be, if remembered at all, but a theme for some poet or romancer. All of which reflection is trite and futile. The event has happened. Forty thousand, more or less, are swept from earth suddenly, but more than that number die each day in their beds, all the world around, and even they are as nothing in the innumerable multitude of the dead that went before, and the other

innumerable multitudes that will die hereafter. Death reigns over the world ever, and more terribly than in this one splendid, sudden manifestation in the islands that seemed lapped in peace and beauty. The planet itself will some day be a desolation as of many thousand Martiniques, and still the other planets will swing in their ordered courses and the glorious race of man will have left scarce so much record of himself as the trilobite in the rocks. It is almost enough to make one think the philosophy of the blase yacht owners hastening to the Peleean pyrotechnics for pleasure may be a good and sufficient one. Almost, but not quite enough. Our pity for the dead men and women and little children we never saw and seldom heard of annihilates the philosophy that rests in fatalism. Beyond death in riot or in inexorable stately silence rises love and faith and hope, and the word Martinique binds us all together a little closer than we were before, little though we may realize it at present. We may not deny that even such a mighty horror is a working toward eventual and eternal good. We cannot see the whole pattern of the piece in which the great disaster may be but the color of a single infinitesimal thread. The world has become better with the ages in spite of disasters recorded in the rocks beside which the ruin of St. Pierre is as nothing. One of the ways in which it is better is in the spirit of help that stirs the world for stricken Martinique and St. Vincent. Great may be the power of Nature in her anger, as we say, but the soul of man is invincible, and, after all, it is only death that passes away, as any incident in the development of life sempiternally streaming between the worlds we know and into the unimaginable vastitudes beyond.

An Uncrowded Profession

IN these days of overcrowded professions, specialization of university work and scientific farming, it is interesting to note that there is one very dignified and inviting field for activity that remains untrodden; that the great universities, in spite of the diversity of their curriculums, have overlooked or ignored, but that is daily becoming a necessity for the full development of the country's best agricultural possibilities. The efforts of succeeding Secretaries of Agriculture to master the mysterious alchemy of soils, seeds and climates, have done a great deal for the prosperity of the farmer. Government yearly spends more than \$10,000,000 for scientific investigation and about half of it goes to the Department of Agriculture. It is a vaster sum than all the other nations of the world together spend for the same purpose. But its effects are dissipated by the lack of that scientific training which is essential to the quickest, surest and best results. In this branch of technical specialization, there is no precedent by which the directors and faculties of the schools can be guided, for the older countries have never seen the necessity or value of its encouragement. In the single problem of finding and rating the tobacco-raising possibilities of different areas in the United States, the Department has expended an immense amount of money and combated innumerable difficulties. Speaking of the scarcity of young men adapted and trained for the work, Secretary Wilson says: "We export \$30,000,000 worth of tobacco and import \$14,000,000. We sell cheap and buy the expensive leaf. We buy \$6,000,000 of wrapper tobacco from Sumatra and \$8,000,000 of filler from Cuba. Now, the question is, where can these fine grades be raised in the United States? What soil produces them? Can we find a man to analyze the soil and to analyze the sap of the plant to show why tobaccos differ? One man we did find to analyze the juices of the plant, a German, a graduate of a German university, but one who had been driven out of Germany as a crank, so

advanced were his theories. He discovered [that the difference in flavor in the various classes of tobacco was caused, not by bacteria, but by a different ferment in the leaf. Suitable soil was found in Connecticut. Now we are looking around for filler tobacco. The Cuban leaf can be grown in a few places in this country, Willis, Texas, being one. But at this stage of our work, Japan seeing what a useful man we had, offered him \$7,000 a year to take charge of government work for her. We could not keep him, for I had no authority to pay him such a salary. I have sent to every college in the United States, and to every country in Europe to find another man who can analyze the juices of plants, but there is not another one in the world. The only man who could do it was ridiculed by his own country, and taken from us by Japan. Not a college the world over gives the training we require in every branch of farming—forestry, botany, chemistry, mineralogy, etc. Yet it is practical work, most necessary to the farmer. The State agricultural and mechanical colleges do not provide us with the men we want; in fact, many of them are not equipped even to teach the most rudimentary branches of agriculture." There are 2,000 scientists connected with the Department of Agriculture and an effort is being made to train about 200 students in the scientific specialties required for the work. But the enterprise is wholly governmental and necessarily handicapped by the desultory uncertainties of changing administrations and the lack of adept leaders. The situation certainly seems to hold in it brilliant prospects for the ambitious student who is likely to be discouraged at the prospect of excessive competition in other professions, and to offer a wide, practical and profitable field for the educational specialists of the schools, colleges and universities.

More Democratic "Luck"

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN'S fierce fight against the reorganizers of the Democratic party is the rule or ruin ecstasy of a man who cannot lose sight of himself. The Nebraskan will never forgive nor forget the things that were done to him in 1896, nor will he permit peace to come betwixt him and the sound money recalcitrants of six years ago. The practical men of his own party, who have been hoping that he would drift into the rear pew if not into outer oblivion, are doomed to disappointment. Mr. Bryan has no intention of being lost sight of. He would rather see the Democracy defeated with him than to see it win without him. The editor of the *Commoner* is doing a brave work for the enemy. His aggressive fight against the rallying movements of the clan foes of Free Silver promises to be sufficiently sustained and approved to offset the mistakes and the misfortunes of the Republicans. The Democratic party has had more hard luck than its share, and now it will have a long, hard struggle to live down the Lincoln hoodoo.

A Little Bunch of Whiskers

THE divorce suit of Mrs. Hermine Imm, of Cleveland, while vocal of the prolonged woes of the fair plaintiff, yet contains the secrets of a discovery which should prove invaluable to all married women. According to the testimony, Mr. Imm long ago developed a disposition to "say things" about Hermine's qualifications as a cook and housewife. He would get red around the gills and begin to look for a snug corner in which to throw a fit every time he found a long hair in the comb or brush. When the biscuits were soggy, he became sarcastic, and whenever she put his slippers away in the shoe-bag, he would become abusive and knock over the furniture. One evening, while he was making a particularly effective tirade about missing shirt buttons and indulging in his most vindictive invective, she was seized with an unaccountable impulse to stroke his whiskers. The transformation was instantaneous. Mr. Imm not only became as docile as a lamb, but excelled Hermine's fondest anticipations by lavishing caresses and tender words upon her. Thereafter, whenever the soup was greasy or the laundry was delayed, whenever Mr. Imm showed the slightest symptoms of ill-temper, Hermine

stroked his beard and all went merry as a marriage bell. But lo! On one drear evening he came home clean-shaven, sullen, looking for trouble. The corn bread was moist and mushy. In vain she patted his smooth face and rubbed his perfumed locks. He took the ice out of the tea and began to pelt her with it, and would not be pacified. He took a skillet and played ping-pong with the china. And thereafter, though she strove mightily to coddle him by the recurrent stubble of his whiskers, he smote her abast the mizzen with pieces of furniture and cruel words, and peace abode nevermore in the Imm mansion. Wherefore, cometh Hermine now and prayeth for divorce. Beware then, ye married women, of the barber shop! If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, via his whiskers, how are you going to keep the barber from alienating his affections? There's the rub!

Edwin Markham's Heaven

SPEAKING to the New York Social Culture Club, the other evening, Edwin Markham, the poet, said: "I believe the pillars of heaven will be held up by the constant effort of those who compose it. There will be no ready-made heaven for anyone. Heaven will be a society with rules and laws of order much more perfect than any here on earth." The only way to evade the horrible inferences that must be drawn from Mr. Markham's concept of heaven is to conclude that he has no more direct or perfect knowledge of heaven than he has of the labor question. A description of heaven which includes the phrase "constant effort" is not at all encouraging. Most of the upholders of the churches on earth expect to be retired on a beatific pension the moment they have gotten their discharge papers from the pastor. If there is to be "no ready-made heaven for anyone," what advantage is there in the celestial above the mundane existence? Anyway, a cheerful heart and a capacity for infinite toil will make a heaven on earth for most men. If work doesn't end with life, what's the use of trying to work out salvation on earth? Then if there are to be laws and rules of order in the Golden City, of course, there will be a Mayor, a City Council, a House of Delegates and, perhaps, a Traction company to keep things moving. The idea is preposterous, Edwin. If we can't loll back in our thrones against the pillars of porphyry and jasper without worrying whether the roof is on straight, we'll lose all interest in salvation. If your "Man with the Hoe" will have to take his farming implements to Paradise, what's the sense of kicking about his condition here? Guess again.

A Senatorial Troglodyte

No such rebuke was ever offered to a Senator of the United States by his associates of either party as that administered to Senator Tillman by the Democrats during the South Carolinian's tirade last week. One by one they arose and fled to the cloak rooms till but one of their number, dazed and horrified, sat bowed with shame and wonder among the empty seats of the minority. "We are after the coon, and we want his hide," "murderers," "rotten," "National disgrace," "damnable," "Bamboozlers," "I can see the hypocrisy oozing out of you," "degradation and ruin," "butchers," "deviltry," these and a thousand more raucous, shrieking, hissing verbal missiles flew from his distorted lips like bloody foam from a rabid beast. What was he talking about? It doesn't matter. It could not have been a sane, earnest, partisan argument or his confreres of his own party would have given him at least the tacit approval of their presence. He boasted of his people's determination to run the "niggers" from the polls at the point of the shot-gun. He called William Tecumseh Sherman, who marched from Atlanta to the sea and lived and died a sturdy hero of this race, a liar. He shook his fingers, thrashed the air with his long arms, howled hoarsely, thundered gutturally, screamed shrilly and writhed in the very ecstasy of venomous invective till his most prejudiced opponents amongst the Republicans began to fear a stroke of apoplexy. He made a deep and lasting impression with that speech. He

evoked the fear and pity of his hearers, by convincing them that he is an honest, self-consuming maniac. They knew that he was honest before, but they had hopes for him in the belief that insanity was rare even amongst the cliff-dwellers, the cave men, and the arborialites of prehistoric days.

The Jewish Sabbath

NOTHING could better indicate the growing influence of the practically progressive religionist as against the hide-bound theologians of the older days, than the discussion of the non-observance of the old Mosaic Sabbath by the Jewish men of to-day. The orthodox enthusiasts insist that the general adoption of the Christian Sunday, in lieu of the prescribed Saturday Sabbath, would act as an admission of the resurrection of Christ. In the conference of Jewish Rabbis, at New Orleans, Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, of San Francisco, showed that millions of Jews in the United States have long since tacitly abandoned their week-day Sabbath because they found it inconvenient and generally impossible to make their religious requirements jibe with the customs of the country. Rabbi Leon Harrison, of St. Louis, Rabbi I. S. Moses, of New York, and Rabbi H. G. Enslow, of Louisville, three of the most eminent influences in American Jewry, boldly argued that it is impracticable and, in most instances, impossible for the Jews to observe their Sabbath. They denied and proved their disbelief in the argument that abandonment of the old practice of abstaining from work on the last day of the week would have any significant bearing upon the dogma that Messiah has not yet come. But the debate in opposition by the Hebraic patriarchs was so fiercely sustained as to bring into striking relief the existing divergence between the modern leaders of that old faith, and the ancients who seem unable to realize that the tendency of all religion now is to yield something to those social customs in which, deeper than mere questions of dogma or creed, lies the chief hope for religious mutuality of tolerance and esteem.

World's Fair Delay

IMMEDIATELY following the postponement of the World's Fair to 1904, there seems to have come upon the movement a strange lethargy. There's nothing doing. The World's Fair news, or, at least, anything that could be properly called news, has dropped out of the daily papers. Of course the natural vernal lassitude may be in large measure responsible for this, but it must be plain to anyone that the delay of one year does not mean that there is any excuse for dalliance. The management will have to hustle and hustle hard to get the World's Fair ready in 1904. A year's time is not much in which to achieve something that will startle the world in the way of an Exposition, and, unless the work is pushed with all possible power, it may become necessary to postpone the Fair until 1905. It will not do to take things easy, more especially when we consider that, in the light of pending condemnation proceedings, which may possibly be protracted to great length, it is not yet determined exactly when the Fair is to be held. That World's Fair is not any too well advanced which has not yet secured all the funds necessary to the proper beginning of the work of building the Fair. The lull that appears to have come in Fair matters is not a good sign. The workers may need some rest, but a rest that symptomizes something very like a general stoppage of work is likely to hurt the Fair. The Fair work has to be kept going. Work has to be done so that no day shall pass without leaving something to record that will whet the world's interest in the enterprise. The MIRROR says squarely, here and now, that even with the increased time in which to prepare for the Fair, there is no surplus of time to prepare a perfect Fair by May, 1904. If, at the end of a year from now, only so much more work should be done as has been done in the year culminating at the present time, the Fair will be far from ready. The hardest kind of work will be necessary to complete the Fair by May, 1904. High prices will make the work very costly, but if the work be delayed in the hope of a fall in prices, there is a chance

that it may find itself only ready to open in a time when the fall of prices has been such as to give to the times the semblance of a panic.

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The Individual

A BOOK of which, undoubtedly, we shall hear much when the yellow press shall have discovered it, is "The Individual," by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. It is in fact, another such book as "Social Evolution," with like qualities and like defects. Professor Shaler's book is a study of death. It is sincerely written; it is of noble aim; it professes to be eminently scientific and it appears to be so. Mr. Shaler is something of an all around scientist, though his specialty is supposed to be geology. In so far as he deals with pure science, he is not to be caviled with, but his science becomes, in this book, a conglomerate of assumptions rather thinly disguised as analogies. He accepts evolution as an established fact, which it certainly is not, according to true science. It is, at best, a moderately well developed workable hypothesis. Professor Shaler believes rather in the immortality of the race than of the individual and holds out no hope whatever of the perpetuation of the individual, save as he may be perpetuated in other individualities, merged and blent and lost, as monera and amoebae are lost in man of today. Professor Shaler believes that death is a selective and developing process, the selective principle making for individuality, but all his analogies and assumptions do not hide the fact that there is something more to individuality than mere heredity and mere consequences of irresistible evolution. He does not show, or, for that matter, does not even attempt to show, where what we call soul begins, and, while he speaks only of a moderate sort of annihilation as the end of mortality, he is forced to the almost absurd admission that the question whether there exists consciousness after death may be answered by careful study of spiritistic phenomena. Professor Shaler is a scientific-sentimental pantheist, and, indeed, his method is, in a hundred ways, reminiscent of the emotional ratiocination of Mr. Benjamin Kidd, but he fails utterly to answer satisfactorily the mystery either of individuality or of suffering or of death. To say the truth about him, he is a romancer of the most pronounced sort, and his philosophizing is a curious sort of neo-Buddhism. His argument of the immortality of the man of to-day in the man of the future is not conclusive. He confuses his generalizations and particularizations in a most maddening fashion and his facts and his fancies are so intermingled that only an expert can disentangle them. The book has been already somewhat of a success and is bound to be more so, but its success must, necessarily, be with the people who are the veriest amateurs of logic, of psychology, science and theology. The men who are well grounded in the fundamentals of logic will look upon "The Individual" as a remarkable farrago of scientific sentimentality worthier of Ik Marvel than of one who has studied the newer science. It is not as powerful a book as Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man." It has not either the courage or the vigor of that blazing burst of atheism, though its conclusions are the same and its title might well be the same. Still, if one can read anything at all outside of the novel output of the time, the very deficiencies of "The Individual" will be found helpfully stimulating to sound intellects in the torrid and torpid season.

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The Trusts and the People

THUS far the discussion of the beef trust has demonstrated but one good thing and that is, the truth of the declaration of the best economists that no combination can successfully raise prices beyond what may be called a guarantee of reasonable profit. As soon as beef reached prohibitive prices the consumption fell off. The people simply stopped eating meat, and the raise came just at the time of year in which people can dispense with meat-food with the least possible inconvenience. Indeed, the people, now that the weather is growing warmer, will be all the better for the elimination of meat from their diet. The

beef trust inquiry, so far as it has proceeded, shows, beyond a doubt, a business conspiracy, but the conspiracy appears to have been rather effectively punished by the people without the aid of laws. Laws will not prevent the recurrence of such conspiracies. They never have done so in the history of the world. The only thing that will prevent combinations proceeding to such lengths of rapacity as we have seen in the matter of beef, is the lesson that is taught by the closing of the thousands of little meat shops in the big cities and by the readiness of the public to respond to the advertisements of the cereal foods and take to such foods as substitutes for meat. The people stopped eating eggs when the egg dealers pushed the prices too high. The people likewise shut down on butter. They quit sugar and coffee the same way, under the same circumstances. There is a point at which great profit strikes the men who seek it in two ways. It invites competition and it reduces the demand and leaves the greedy combination with a burden of overproduction on its hands. The beef trust has lost infinitely more than it has gained by its attempt to use the recent drouth as an excuse for putting prices up to figures that were prohibitive. Any trust that tries the trick will do the same thing. The only trusts that can succeed are those that will cheapen the product to the consumer. By the time the investigations have ceased and the laws are framed to punish the Beef Trust that concern will have learned its lesson and there will be no need for the laws other than those which may serve to deprive the trust of the favor of government in the matter of the tariff. The tariff has been hard hit by the Beef Trust agitation. The tariff has been shown to have been one of the agencies upon which the trust counted to carry out its extortion upon the public. Everyone with sense to see anything must surely see that the surest way to render the trusts powerless to put up prices so outrageously, is to destroy the protective tariff which the Government establishes for their benefit. Against a natural raise of prices the people do not protest. They stood patiently the raise in the price of beef that was justified by the drouth. They revolted and they stopped eating meat only when their common sense told them that the prices asked were asked only because the beef barons thought they had the supply so thoroughly cornered that they could charge anything they pleased. The good old law of supply and demand has been vindicated again. Also the good old adage about killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Also the fact that the people know when they are being asked too much for an article. When any set of men thinks it controls any necessary of life the people soon demonstrate that they can get along without that necessary as soon as the price is pushed too high. From the recent experiences of the Beef Trust all trusts should learn that, powerful though they be, the people are their masters and that popular common sense is equal to the task of very speedily making trust rapacity the cause of the ruin of trusts. The people are still rulers of the situation and the trusts can only exist by cultivating the popular good will.

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TRANSACTIONS IN "HONAH."

HOW THE ARISTOCRACY "WELCHED" IN THE WIGGINS FERRY DEAL.

A CONDUCTOR found a handsome sum of money, not long since, on a street car in St. Louis and turned it over to the company. Forthwith the newspapers heralded the act as phenomenal and printed the conductor's portrait with glowing praises. The simple deed of honesty was exploited as a deviation from the rule of ordinary human conduct. Was it such a deviation? It would seem so, after one has learned the story of the effort of the Rock Island railroad to secure terminal facilities in St. Louis and East St. Louis through the purchase of a controlling interest in the Wiggins Ferry Company. The story is an interesting one in its major details and the transaction is fully as sensational as the one involved in the famous struggle for the control of Northern Pacific,

when the latter stock was boosted to \$1,000 per share. Up to date, Wiggins Ferry stock has sold at \$1,550 per share and may go higher before the fight is over.

When ex-Governor Francis, President of the World's Fair, and John Scullin undertook to build the Colorado railroad between St. Louis and Kansas City everybody knew it was built to sell. It was only a question as to whom it would be sold. The Santa Fe, the Burlington and the Chicago Northwestern roads have all dickered for the road at various times, but, finally, when the Colorado had secured entrance over all competitors to the World's Fair Grounds, the Rock Island road began negotiations and bought the property at a pretty figure, much to the disgust of the members of the St. Louis Terminal Association controlling all the other railway entrances to this city. The officers of the Terminal Association, composed of all the roads entering St. Louis and constituting practically a Trust, complained that the President of the World's Fair had used the Colorado as a means to break their cinch and they threatened, and are even now threatening, to withhold their subscriptions, up in the heavy hundreds of thousands, from the World's Fair. The Colorado deal simply has torn the World's Fair directory wide open.

After the Rock Island had secured the Colorado right of way into the city from the West it wanted to get terminal facilities in the manufacturing district. Mr. Scullin, President of the Wiggins Ferry Company, was approached to sell a controlling interest in that property, which practically owns all the available trackage territory in East St. Louis, and, moreover, has the best system of tracks and switches to factories and mercantile houses in this city. Wiggins Ferry stock was a stand-by with St. Louis investors. All the old families had money in it. Many of them not only had money in the stock, but had members of their families pensioned on the company. The stock was selling at \$237 per share, was paying 8 per cent dividends and at that the company was always buying new property to be available for future extensions of tracks, depots, warehouses, etc. Mr. Scullin, in New York City, had about agreed to deliver a controlling interest to the Rock Island at \$400 per share, but Festus J. Wade got a hint of what was going on, hastened to New York as representative of the Mercantile Trust Company, convinced Mr. Scullin that if the Rock Island wanted the property at \$400 it would stand for \$500, undertook the task of gathering in the stock, for a commission the size of which will depend upon the prices paid before the fight is over, and began the work of getting together the controlling interest.

Mr. Scullin notified the Wiggins Ferry stockholders of his bargain. They were immensely gratified at his work in securing them a profit of \$263 per share, and before long a majority of the stock was agreed to be delivered at \$500 to the Mercantile Trust Company. The owners of this stock signed their names to the agreement and did so gladly.

Then the St. Louis Terminal Association awoke to the deal. It saw that the Rock Island was in a way to secure competitive terminals on both sides of the Mississippi and terminals that were and are of proportions fully ample for taking care of all the freight business the Rock Island could take away from the Trust. The Mississippi Valley Trust Company stepped upon the scene. It offered, representing the Terminal Association, to all stockholders \$600 per share for Wiggins Ferry stock, provided a majority was secured, and it further guaranteed to all who would go back upon their agreement to deliver to the Mercantile Trust Company, indemnity against all loss from proceedings by the Mercantile. Forthwith, there was a magnificent exhibition of the yellow streak in the old families. They generally rushed to the front to violate their agreement with the Mercantile for the extra \$100 per share offered by the Mississippi. They repudiated their contracts and contemptibly "welched." They turned upon President Scullin, after fawning upon him, and claimed they had been "done." They accused him, in the Wiggins Ferry meeting, of duplicity, yet, when the charge was first made that \$600 could be gotten for the stock, the director who made it refused to

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tell President Scullin who made the offer. The Mercantile Trust Company had secured the pledge of a full majority and more, of the stock, but the yellow streak in the few who wanted \$100 more per share, after agreeing to sell at \$500, was so much in evidence, that it seemed likely the Mississippi Valley Trust Company would secure the control through the potency of the premium it had deliberately put upon violation of faith. The Mercantile Trust Company was forced to appeal to the courts to enforce the contracts to sell at \$500 by injunctions to prevent the transfer of the stock to the Mississippi Valley Trust. The suits are now pending.

Meanwhile, some very high-toned people are profiting by transactions in their own honor, for the Mississippi Valley Trust Company, having raised the Mercantile Trust Company's \$500 bid on the signed stock, the Rock Island Road, operating through Mr. James Campbell and Mr. Festus Wade, is buying stock at any price. Some of the people who "welched" on the Mercantile under pressure of the Mississippi Valley bid, are now welching under the Rock Island offers and realizing handsomely upon the sale of their own characters. And the attorney of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company that is trying to get stockholders to lay down on their agreement to sell at \$500, himself refused his client's own offer and gave up his stock at the price he agreed on. His act is cited as something out of the ordinary, too—as if dishonor were the rule in business transactions, as if written agreements were not binding on gentlemen and ladies, for ladies have been quite conspicuous repudiationists in this matter. The Mercantile Trust Company holds the agreements of those who were to turn over a majority of the stock at \$500, and it will try to enforce the contract. It will pay enormous prices for stock that may be needed outside of the agreement, for the Mississippi is pledged to secure to those it lured from the first agreement the difference between \$500 per share and any higher price the Rock Island or Mercantile Trust Company may pay for any stock, for as any stock may be the stock necessary to control the property, the highest price paid will make the price of all, and the Mississippi Valley Trust Company may be liable for almost any sum on all the stock it may secure. Of course, the Mississippi Valley Trust Company is only acting for the Terminal Trust.

The claim that Mr. Scullin and Mr. Wade "wolfed" the other Wiggins Ferry stockholders is not true. They might have done so if they had gone to work quietly and gathered in the stock for themselves at much less than \$500, and then turned it over to the Rock Island at that figure. They could have done this easily, but they preferred to take all the stockholders into their confidence, and to give all a share of the profit. The reward of their honesty is an effort to obstruct their deal.

The Rock Island agreed to pay \$5,000,000 for the ferry stock. They will get it if it costs a million or two more, although they claim the majority by virtue of the signed agreements. They may pay \$5,000 a share for some stock, just to give some of those who deserted to the Mississippi Valley Trust a chance to sue on its guarantee against loss. But those who have "welched" will never recover their characters in this community, even though they may benefit the town by making the Rock Island pay more money to local holders. They stand convicted as grasping and as being willing to prevent competition with the Terminal Trust to fill their own pockets. They are willing to shut out a new railroad by breaking their word. They are the tools of the railway combination that has made St. Louis a way-station on the map, through its control of the two bridges over the river, the tunnel and the Union Station and all the freight yards. They favor shutting out a road that would cut freight rates and bring more business into the town. They oppose a road that wants to wipe out "the bridge arbitrary" by getting a ferry transfer across the river. They are the representatives of fossil St. Louis. They are the decadent old fogies, and the men who "stood pat" are the men of real progress, of real desire to get the city out of the grasp of the Terminal

Trust, of real honor and integrity—even if they are not of the most elegant social set and do not regard themselves as swells. The Rock Island's coming into St. Louis is the city's emancipation from rate discrimination. It is also valuable as an eye-opener to the public as to the queer sense of honor of some of our most honorable folk.

Both the Mercantile Trust Company and the Mississippi Valley Trust Company claim to control the Wiggins Ferry stock. Both the Rock Island and the Terminal Railway Association claim to control the new entrance to the city and its great track and yard facilities. Both are still buying stock at around \$1,500 per share and may go higher. But the Rock Island holds the pledges of a majority of the stock and that pledge is equivalent, in some minds, to undisputed control.

There is talk that proceedings will be instituted to dissolve the Terminal Railway Association as a trust because of its endeavor to buy up its only competitor in the matter of railway facilities in St. Louis. The case seems plain that the Association, in such an endeavor, is trying to throttle the city's commerce. If the Terminal Association can be broken up and the Rock Island admitted, St. Louis will be able to get the benefit of competitive rates from the roads composing the Association. Other great railway systems will enter the city and bring it business, and St. Louis may have something like the transportation advantages of Chicago.

The worst feature of the fight is that it is being taken into the World's Fair management. Terminal Association men are making open charges that President Francis used the Fair project to enforce the sale of the Colorado, and to use the Colorado to hurt Terminal interests. Mr. Scullin is blamed for selling the Wiggins Ferry to opponents of the Association and letting in newcomers to divide World's Fair business. But both Mr. Francis and Mr. Scullin say their properties were for sale to those who wanted them, and they sold them, and that is all there is to it. Still the fight in the World's Fair Directory, with men like Julius S. Walsh, Breck Jones, Mr. Ramsey, of the Wabash, and other representatives of the great railway interests ranged against men like Governor Francis, John Scullin, James Campbell and Festus J. Wade, is not apt to do much good to World's Fair interests.

In the main, the great transaction is of value to the city. It shows the common people the off-color standard of ethics and honor of some of our most pretentious, best people. It shows how the Terminal Trust has tried to strangle the town. It shows the reward that comes to the men who have furnished a way to break the Terminal Company's grip on the city. The men who have sold the Colorado road and the Wiggins Ferry Company to the Rock Island have done the city a service. They acted in the utmost fairness to all their associates. They stand clear of all reproach of trickery and of offering inducements to men to sell their own honor for a few hundred dollars. They have shamed the local aristocracy. They have made great piles of money even for the people who "laid down" on them and deserted them, and are now vilifying them.

NATIONAL POLITICS ON EAST.

BY W. M. R.

NEW YORK politicians still think they run the country. During a three weeks' stay in the metropolis, the writer mingled much with leading politicians, Democratic and Republicans, and the endeavor is here made to size up the situation as a sort of "composite" interview of many leaders.

In the first place, the New Yorkers think that Tammany will come back into power as a result of the efforts of Prosecuting Attorney Jerome to enforce foolish Sunday laws. There is, besides, a great deal of dissatisfaction in the Republican ranks over the results of the fusion that elected Seth Low, Mayor of the metropolis. The Republican disaffection extends throughout the State.

Mr. Odell, it is admitted on all hands, has made a first-class Governor, but he is supposed to have broken away from Platt, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. Strange as it may appear, there is little talk in New York about Odell for the Republican Presidential nomination. There was a good deal of such talk six months ago, but for some unaccountable reason it has died out.

The open talk by the Republicans is all strongly Rooseveltian, but under that talk lies a great deal of treacherous opposition. The machine is strongly against Roosevelt, and the machine men invariably let out the fact when they get together. The machine has not been placated by the much discussed Clarkson appointment, which has apparently grieved the Mugwumps.

Back of the Republican machine is Wall street and its interests, headed by Pierpont Morgan. Wall street does not want Roosevelt. The great promoters still regard him as "erratic."

The President's action, in forcing proceedings against the merger and in taking such an interest in the uprising against the beef trust, has made Wall street afraid. Mr. Morgan declares that the financial interests cannot depend on Roosevelt and can never tell what he may do next in the way of "playing to the galleries," as they style it. When a Westerner suggests that Wall street opposition to Roosevelt may help him with the rest of the country the Wall street man cannot understand. He is amazed to think that the West cannot see that Wall street has given the country "this wonderful prosperity we are now enjoying." Wall street actually believes, and so does the New York Republican machine, that Mark Hanna can be nominated and elected. They seem to think that the Ohio Senator's position as head of the Civic Federation committee for the settlement of strikes will make him an acceptable candidate to the workingman vote. The writer confesses that he thought the Hanna candidacy a joke until he got to circulating inquisitively in the purlieus of Wall street and until he heard leading Republican politicians, supposed to be staunch friends of Roosevelt, declaring that Hanna is "the man to relieve the situation."

On the Democratic side of the house, in New York State, the leaders are amazed when told by a man from the West that they will have to reckon with William Jennings Bryan. They act as if they thought there was no such man alive.

There are some New Yorkers who think that Gorman will be a candidate, and that there will be no fight whatever on the platform issue, but the general run of politicians in the Empire State seem to think that the coming man is Mr. Edward Shepard, who was defeated by Seth Low for Mayor of New York City. Shepard seems to be pretty well thought of in the country outside of New York, because of his anti-expansion principles, and there are many pilgrims to his office. His friends, mostly reformers, are assiduous in sounding his praises, but aside from his reform support it is said that he has the indorsement of Tammany Hall and its leaders. Mr. Lewis Nixon is reckoned as a Shepard man and so is the Exile at Wantage. Tammany thinks it can carry New York City on a fight for liberal laws. Tammany believes also that it can carry the State because of the dissatisfaction of Republican leaders with the Roosevelt administration. It is therefore all the more startling to the stranger from the West to note how little talk there is about the possibilities of David Bennett Hill. If the absence of gossip about Hill be any indication of conditions, that gentleman is about the dearest "dead one" in the political cemetery. Shepard is much more of a candidate in the opinion of New York Democrats than anyone would imagine in the West. There are some people in New York who say that Mr. Bryan's recent blasts in the *Commoner* against Hill are really designed to advance Mr. Shepard's interests, and the few sincere Bryanites in the Democratic organization of New York are notoriously enthusiastic over the mention of Shepard. They "point with pride" to the fact that Mr.

THE CHARM OF CHARLESTON.

BY CHARLES M. KURTZ.

Louis F. Post's paper the *Public*, of Chicago, has spoken kindly sooth concerning Mr. Shepard, and Mr. Post is regarded as fully as great an exponent of radical Democracy as Mr. Bryan. Some of the more practical politicians on the Democratic side have conceived the idea that the party, if it goes easy on the money question, may get a large campaign contribution out of Wall street, especially if the Republicans cannot prevent the nomination of Roosevelt. They are very serious in saying so, too.

All this time we have been considering the politicians of New York. What the people think seems to be a different matter. The people in all walks of life in Gotham as elsewhere seem to believe in Roosevelt. They may be shown where he has made mistakes, but that doesn't matter. Their answer is that the mistakes are those of an honest man. The matter of the proceedings against the merger, the masses generally approve. As for the President's attitude against the Beef Trust, that cannot possibly hurt him anywhere except with the men who will try to control the Republican convention. The people generally seem to think that the President is playing a little politics on his own account, but they take the sensible view that his position compels him to play politics. The people are with Roosevelt and they are ready to pardon much graver faults than any urged against him thus far.

CORONATION YANKEES.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

HO! plutocrats and shoddycrats! Ho! toiling millionaires!

Ho! all ye social parasites! Ho! kith of bulls and bears!

And ye grown fat on kerosene, on copper, coal and steel,
And ye whose bulging pockets mark the corner and the deal—

Go forth on seas tempestuous! To merrie England sail,
The Anglo-Saxon waits you, the Cymri, Scot and Gael;
Their outstretched palms are itching, their pulse like hammers pound—

They need you in their business, when England's king is crowned.

From Maine to California they're trooping o'er the main,
The daughters of the newly-rich, the pushful sons of gain;

Like homing birds they're flocking back across the sounding sea,
Where British hearts beat fond and true for our Plutocracy.

They love their gilded kith and kin; they line the white cliffs stark,

To hail their long-lost brothers who bear the dollar mark.
Princes and peasants, Christians, Jews and nobles ermine-gowned,

Give the glad hand to ready cash when England's king is crowned.

Who cares for birth and quaterings when England's king is crowned?

The noblest man is he who pays ten dollars on the pound;
For trade is dull, and glory scarce, and ready money rare;
The king is but a stalking horse to catch the millionaire.

Hark! The dear mother country calls. Those hands across the sea

Reach for the transatlantic fob, well lined with L. S. D.

Oh, Parvenu, her love for you is touching—aye, profound;
She's not averse to cut your purse when England's king is crowned.

Oh, rarest flower we have raised! Oh, dear Plutocracy!
Old England loves to see you come with cash and pregnant knee.

There ev'ry happy home to-day makes hospitable din,
The servants' hall is open wide that you may enter in.

There sat your fathers long ago among their servile peers,
Now, flunkies, grooms and chambermaids, with wages in arrears,

Hail your return with ecstasy; they love to have you round,

When times are hard and cash is scarce, when England's king is crowned.

From New York Life.

IN this country I know of no other city possessing such charm for the lover of the picturesque, the well-ordered, the harmonious and the restful as Charleston, South Carolina. The majority of our cities are aggressively commercial, are hideously ugly in their business sections, flamboyantly ostentatious in their residence regions and are distinctly "noisy," in suggestion as well as in fact, in their architecture, as well as in the turmoil of their business. Charleston is different. The streets are lined with attractive shops, but business in them is not carried on with that degree of restless energy so characteristic of the commercial establishments of most of our cities. The Charleston shop-keeper opens his place of business at nine o'clock in the morning, closes it ordinarily from twelve o'clock until three, while he enjoys his siesta, then reopens and does business during the early hours of the evening. To some extent he follows the methods in vogue in some of the southern European cities, notably in those of Spain. Indeed, Charleston is rather suggestive of a southern European city; portions of it recall Spain, other parts are characteristically French. Sometimes there is a flavor of Italy, and there are streets which suggest old English towns. It is a real delight to visit a town in this country where one is not impressed at every moment with the idea that money-getting is the chief aim of the inhabitants, and where there is real devotion to the cultivation of the gracefulness and the elegancies of life.

Charleston presents the general effect of a finished town. There is no wild orgie of building going on, obstructing the streets, disarranging the harmony of things and wearing upon the nerves of the inhabitants or visitors. And the best people, descended from the cavaliers of England and Huguenot refugees from France, show their descent in their faces and manners—descent from ladies and gentlemen for generations back.

The South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition, which opened last December and now is approaching its close, has been the means of attracting many persons to Charleston, who thus have experienced the attractions of the place and who have learned, for the first time, what a delightful city of European character we have on our side of the ocean. Unhappily, perhaps, for the picturesque nature of the city, the Exposition may be the means of developing commercial activity which may result in the Charleston of a few decades hence becoming as commercial in appearance and character as most of the other American cities.

It is said that the harbor of Charleston is superior to any other on the Atlantic coast—the largest ships being able to come up to the piers at any hour of the day or night without regard to tidal conditions. The harbor is sheltered and is sufficient in extent to accommodate the commerce of the world. The only thing lacking seems to be the infusion of some of the commercial energy of the Northern cities and the opening up of railway communication with the South, the West and the Southwest. Charleston has a population of about 60,000, of which 25,000 are whites, the others negroes. This small community of white people contributed more than a million dollars for their Exposition, and this money was so judiciously expended that the Exposition at Charleston really presents a more dignified and impressive effect than did the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, which cost many times as much. Perhaps there are not so many exhibits, but they are well selected and admirably displayed. The grounds are large and the buildings are not crowded together as were those at Buffalo. And, while not so loaded with sculptural adornment and color, the structures really gain in impressiveness from the very simplicity of their treatment. The ensemble, in almost every direction, is artistic and satisfying. It is to be deplored that the number of visitors has not been so considerable as the enterprise has richly merited.

The city of Charleston, itself, is even more interesting than the Exposition. The lower portion of the city lies very much like New York; the Ashley river on one side corresponds with the Hudson, and the Cooper river on the other takes the place of the East river. At the end of the city, fronting on the bay, is the battery—like which the battery at New York might have been, had New York been more æsthetic and less commercial. The South battery is a garden spot with palmettos, live-oaks, pines, magnolias and other beautiful trees, and with fountains and statuary attractively placed. This portion of the city is like some of the beautiful *paseos* of Spain. Fronting upon it are some of the handsomest residences. The East battery is bordered by a broad, stone promenade, such as that on the bay at Genoa. Along it are planted large, old-fashioned cannon commanding the river and bay; and fronting upon this also are beautiful residences. Farther up the Cooper river are the piers with, at present, a meagre display of shipping.

In Charleston one finds the so-called Colonial architecture at its best and purest. Some of the houses have broad porticos with columns rising from the ground to the roof, others have verandas on each floor with numerous columns. Nearly all these verandas face towards the South. In these houses the rooms are generally very large and the ceilings are high. The finish, often, is of solid mahogany or rose-wood, and the decorations are of the style of a hundred years ago. The oldest house in Charleston—the famous Pringle house—is over two hundred years old. It is built of brick and tiles brought over from England and contains beautifully sculptured marble mantels imported from Italy. Some of its rooms are suggestive of the palatial apartments at Fontainebleau, Versailles and Compiègne. These fine old houses, like the faces and manners of the people, exemplify the character of the city and its inhabitants.

Most of the streets are bordered by trees, and the houses are set well back in beautiful gardens. The climate is such that flowers bloom the year round in these Charleston gardens, and, a month ago, there were tall trellises covered by climbing roses in bloom on every side.

Charleston was one of the earliest cities in this country in which art found recognition and patronage. Charleston, Philadelphia, Newport, (Rhode Island) and Boston were the places where art first obtained real foothold in America. The leading American artists, of the Colonial period and of the years immediately following, visited Charleston and produced there many of the best examples of their work. Among these may be mentioned Gilbert Stuart, John Singleton Copley, John Wesley Jarvis, Rembrandt Peale, Charles Wilson Peale, Washington Allston, S. F. B. Morse (who subsequently became President of the National Academy of Design, and more greatly distinguished himself by his invention of the telegraph), Thomas Sully, Charles Fraser, John Vanderlyn, Chester Harding, John Neagle, Samuel L. Waldo and others who might be named, besides the noted miniature painter, Malbone, who had no superior in this branch of art.

At the Exposition there is a most creditable display of modern paintings and sculpture, comprising a large proportion of the interesting exhibit which was seen at the Pan-American Exposition. But even more interesting than this is the superb collection of portraits and miniatures, by the artists whose names have been enumerated, representing the leading people of Charleston in the neighborhood of a century ago. Probably in no other city in the United States could an equally interesting collection of early American portraits be found.

To one who may visit Charleston, who may be so fortunate as to meet the representative society of the place, and who may be worthy to enjoy its charming hospitality, I can imagine no other city so delightful for an extended sojourn. The hotels are good and are reasonable in price. The houses in general are so constructed that, even in the warmest weather, the ventilation is so excellently well provided for it would hardly seem possible that the heat could be oppressive; while the tree-bordered streets, the beautiful battery, with its views out across the water, taking in forts

Sumter and Moultrie, the wonderful magnolia gardens not far away, the Isle of Palms and the Magnolia Cemetery are attractions which every person must appreciate. It is almost certain, however, that the days of placid, aristocratic Charleston are numbered. The commercial advantages of the place will almost certainly lead to the crowding out of the picturesque and the artistic, and then the charming refinement of the city, very likely, will be conserved in the background, in the bosom of that society which has not soiled its hands or ignobly demoralized its personality by wildly chasing after the material to the neglect of the intellectual and the gracious.

JOHN KENADIE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

MR. RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS' novel is just the sort of book that would not be expected from the pen of a "professional" writer, a poet, a man of adventurous and insistent fancy, a soldier! That the author is all of these may not be especially interesting to the readers of his first book, but they help, as side-lights, to get at an appreciation of "John Kenadie." The chief characteristic of the book, as a piece of literary craftsmanship, is its quality of repression. The simple, candid, elemental style of the characters, motives, incidents, scenario, dialogue and vocabulary are so striking as to produce an impression of timidity or excessive caution. The elemental nature of the work is so evident as to appear almost studied.

Mr. Saunders is a "word expert" from whom one might expect fine writing, academic digression, exaggerated word-painting and a dash of poetical frenzy. His avoidance of all of these temptations is the first and best proof of his absolute sincerity. In the first place he has chosen characters and scenes of here and now, men and women whose simple lives and utterly rational deeds challenge neither the imagination nor the credulity. In projecting them into life upon the printed page he has resorted to none of the meretricious tricks of the ingenious plotster. There is not an unusual word, a far-fetched situation, an effort for theatrical effect, nor a melodramatic pose in the whole story. And yet the reader, the healthy lover of romance, upon reading the first chapter, will find himself held fascinated with the plain story by bonds that are not less strong and pleasant because they are imperceptible and unaccountable by the common gauge of modern fiction writing.

The intensity of interest compelled by the story about the young country poet is warranted, and may be explained, only by the fact that each of the few, but fundamental, passions of the human race is there, truthfully depicted, mightier by the very absence of artificialities, inescapably imminent by the very lack of that jugglery which is mis-called "artistry." Love, envy, friendship, combat, the ferocity and the tenderness of the animal which is Godlike in the frailties which uplifted him above the beasts—these are the everlasting, heart-moving, ever ancient, yet ever new, "motives" upon which Mr. Saunders with courageous direction has depended in his first work of fiction.

The book will not appeal to the "favor" of the literati, the professional jurymen, artistic, the decadents nor the self-appointed elect. But it will reach and hold the hearts of the masses of people who are glad to evade the encumbering mysticism of the stylist, the hindrances of oracular preachments and the befuddling acrobatics of the strictly literary contortionist. The story, as Mr. Saunders has told it, is of the sort that fits close and wears well. Rife with activity and passion, it is dominated by that sane, tender optimism which makes the morbidities of the ultra-realists seem improbable and depressing by contrast. Full of the simple tenderness of weak and sometimes sinful men and women, there is yet no surrender to the bolder, harsher triumphs of the good whose strength lies in their frailties.

The story begins with the boyhood of *John Kenadie*, whose widowed mother has brought him from Kentucky to escape the overshadowing consequences of a blood-feud in which the *Kenadies* and the *Lathams* had been engaged for generations. Herself a *Latham*, she had come, by a whim of fate, to fall in love with a *Kenadie*. Her brother slew her husband before the hero of the story was born, and when she comes to L'Anquile, the little Arkansas town in which the scenes are laid, she finds that her brother's son *Hugh*, taken to rear by a remote relative, is already a pupil at the village school. The description of her tender solicitude for her own child, balanced with all a woman's tenderness for the orphan child of her brother, enhances the intrinsic interest in her efforts to foster a friendship between the children without permitting either to know of the bloody quarrel which they have unconsciously inherited.

It would be hard to improve upon the character delineation of old *Gilbert Rolfe*, the village schoolmaster, who enters into the absorbing scheme of the little mother to nourish the friendship of *John* for his cousin *Hugh*. The picture of the gray-haired, soldierly Virginian waiting in his tree-shaded school-house in the early morning for the cheery voices of his pupils loitering through the woods, is one of the prettiest pictures in the story. The first fight of the two boys, unconsciously pitted against one another by the inherent rivalries and hatreds of past generations, is a convincing proof that the author's powers of description and appreciation of dramatic action are far greater than his restrained offerings. From their first day of unforeseen, yet wholly natural, rivalry, till the advent of manhood, *John Kenadie* and his cousin *Hugh Latham* are swept along in a fateful yet logical parallel of increasing antagonism that is but enhanced and accentuated by the recurrent flashes of kindred yearning for one another's friendship. Nothing could be more natural than the development of *John's* school-boy love for *Betty Thorndike* into the manly passion which she excited in his bold, but hesitating, heart when she returns, a beautiful woman, from the city school. And there is a genuine touch of deep philosophy in the author's distinction between his hero's love for *Betty* and the passion for her which first dawns in *Latham's* bosom only when he sees her in the burgeoning splendor of young womanhood. The vivisection of these opposing passions is left to the reader, however, and, without a hint of authoritative analyses, the author permits the facts of his story and the actions of his character, to speak for themselves and to work their own salvation without the least apparent aid from his own interference.

The appearance of *Mrs. Faulkner*, the wealthy but nurtured society woman, of New Orleans, is one of the happiest incidents of the story, and the manner in which her presence in the little backwoods town serves to complicate and finally unravel the intricacies of the plot is so essentially felicitous that the impression grows into belief that the author has a very acutely and fully developed genius for dramatic construction concealed about his person. The duel scene, which is the climax of the story, seems to call for, as it would certainly excuse, the letting out of a few wraps in the writer's reins of repression. But here again he deceives if he does not disappoint you, by letting the bare, adequate truth of the stirring action speak for itself.

The happy denouement is not reached without regret—a kind of personal, stinging, sweet regret that is so old-fashioned as to need no apology. One finds himself dreading the parting from little *Miss Sugarlump*—*John's* mother, whose winsome, generous, gentle soul is the most radiant of all the little company. Then there is an infinite pathos in *Hugh Latham's* defeat and utter loneliness at the end. Whatever admiration one may have for the hero, it is impossible to deny that his beaten rival is a far more virile, picturesque and interesting personality.

"*John Kenadie*" the book, is not a great book in the accepted sense. Its power lies in its sweet and sure simplicity; in the undying melodies of the human heart with which it is vocal; in the winsome, clinging, irresistible

interest with which it holds the natural, wholesome-minded reader from the first page to the *finis*.

A DRY MANHATTAN.

BY FLANEUR.

THE New York City reform administration, which started so bravely and buoyantly upon its career only a few short months ago, is already in a peck of trouble. It is all on account of District Attorney Jerome. Mr. Jerome, it appears, is a very strenuous man. First, his activity at the time of the great tunnel disaster roused the hopes of the people that he was going to take some action looking toward the indictment of the directors of the railroad. He failed to do so, laying the blame, instead, on the engineer. Most people were disappointed and a number of the papers abused him. Next came the Florence Burns murder case, in which, also, he did not succeed in distinguishing himself. But these affairs are entirely overshadowed by his attitude toward the excise question. Here he has certainly put Mayor Low in a very embarrassing position.

When Mayor Low and Police Commissioner Partridge were before the people of New York as candidates, there was a good deal of talk about "kid-glove" politicians, "theorists in politics," and so forth. Many felt that an attempt to "Puritanize" New York could only result in failure; that reform was needed, but not too much reform, and so the prospective Mayor gave his pledge to the voters that the excise laws would be only "liberally" enforced. This meant that orderly, respectable saloons would be allowed to sell liquor on Sunday. In this outline of policy all the "reform" newspapers supported Mr. Low. They believed in the happy mean.

But both the Mayor and everybody else reckoned without Mr. Jerome. This gentleman, almost immediately upon entering upon his official duties, took steps not only to suppress gambling and to inaugurate a stringent regime with respect to disorderly houses, but he also began to monkey with the Sunday saloon-closing question. He employed detectives to collect evidence against policemen who allowed saloons to remain open on Sunday, and between one and five o'clock in the morning, contrary to law. This made the patrolmen exceedingly uneasy. On the one hand, were their captains and Commissioner Partridge, who had given them no orders to close up the saloons. On the other hand, were Mr. Jerome and his corps of sleuths, who were busily collecting damaging evidence against them. "The policemen, during the time I am in office, must do their duty and enforce every law," said Mr. Jerome. So the policemen took the dilemma by the horns and went on strike.

The first revolters were the men of the West Thirty-Seventh Street station, who, some weeks ago, closed up every saloon in the precinct, and made arrests galore. It was a bombshell. The Mayor and Colonel Partridge kept a sphinx-like silence for several days, and then voiced a discreet approval. They could hardly do otherwise. For a reform administration to have discountenanced this sublimely virtuous act of their forty patrolmen would not have looked very well.

The following Sunday, every saloon in the city was closed tight. It was the driest Sabbath since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Of the eight thousand places in Manhattan borough where liquor is sold, five thousand seven hundred did no business. The remainder, the Raines law hotels, did a land-office trade in sandwiches and beer. There were, of course, a few—very few—violators of the law. Emigrants from Maine and other places where illicit liquor-selling is a fine art, put some of their schemes in operation. In several places "blind tigers" were in use. This is a simple and effective method of supplying liquor without offering any opportunity for observation. An opening is cut in the wall, and a board placed on a pivot so that it can swing in and out through the aperture. The customer shouts his order through a hole, puts down his money, and the board swings in; in a moment it swings back laden with a burden of happiness. The main trouble with this scheme is that it is rather slow. A striking evidence of the tightness of the town was the fact that nearly all of the saloons exposed their bars. The result was that the windows were constantly crowded with bystanders,

who gazed with wonder into the swept and garnished interiors.

At one place, an enterprising painter, whose ability to paint signs seemed to exceed his power of reading them, was discovered carefully inscribing letters on the sign in front of a saloon at Sixty-Fifth street and Third avenue. A policeman who was passing looked up to read the following outrageous sentence: "Don't mind the police. Come in the back way and get all you want." Justly enraged, the indignant policeman arrested the painter, and he was fined five dollars in the police court next morning. On what charge I don't know.

Even the Raines hotels were obliged to observe more closely the letter of the law. The sandwich, which, heretofore, has sometimes been served with a drink, but oftener not, was an absolutely necessary companion-piece to every glass of beer. In some of the places, one had to order a full meal in order to get a drink. At one of the Raines hotels a customer who had been served with a drink and a sandwich, refused to pay for the latter on the ground that he had not ordered it. The proprietor of the place was arrested on the ground that he was selling liquor illegally. This shows how fine the police cut it.

The unpleasant feature of the day was the arrest of petty violators of the law in other lines. Sellers of shoe-strings, vendors of suspenders and collar-buttons, proprietors of candy-stands and small shop-keepers of all kinds were arrested, it is said, at the instance of saloon-keepers, who demanded that no favoritism be shown. At any rate, when these victims of police virtue appeared in court the following Monday morning, their accusers received sharp lectures from several of the police judges, and many of the cases were incontinently dismissed. This persecution of other than saloon-keepers is the thing about the Puritanic Sunday that the public likes least. It is that which has made the action of the police unpopular. Perhaps it is not altogether chance that this is so. There are those who say that the whole movement is backed by the saloon-keepers' league, which wishes to make Mayor Low's administration unpopular, so that at the next election Tammany can creep back in again. Last Sunday was considerably "wetter" than those which have preceded it, and it begins to look as though the joke, consisting of the question, "What have you had to-day?" and the answer, "A dry Manhattan," which has been working over-time of late, may take a comfortable and deserved rest for a few years more.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

TIME: Before the birth of Cain, a summer evening at twilight.

Eve sitting beneath a large tree.

ADAM: (throwing himself wearily down beside Eve): After the day's toil rest is sweet, my wife.

EVE: Yea, there is much in this strange doom of life upon which we have fallen that is good—and yet—upon an evening like this—blame me not, my Adam—I long a little for Eden. I smell the flowers in the twilight, I see the long, cool walks and hear the whispering of the leaves. The hush of the enchanted spot seems to fall upon me like the invisible presence of our Creator and I break my heart in yearning for the innocence I have lost.

ADAM (tenderly): Don't, my Eve.

EVE (more brightly): Ah, it does not last, dear heart, it only comes like a great wave of pain and crowds surging upon me thoughts and desires for a moment and then ebbs away and I shade my eyes and look across the fields that you with your own hands have planted, and see you coming home to me and—and—dear, I forget Eden and see only you.

ADAM (drawing her closer): What you feel is memory, dear, and, though a pain, 'tis sweet, but our life, too, is sweet, and methinks it were well to have lost Eden to find Love.

EVE: Ah, yes, I do not complain. I sometimes feel that we are, of all who will come after us, the most blest. If we have first sounded the depths of transgression and first felt humanity's pain, we, too, have first drunk the cup

of humanity's joy and first known the heights of humanity's loving. No others who follow us can lose Eden for each other's sake, no others can remember Eden. Ah, Adam, I am filled with sorrow for the children I must bear who can never know to the full all we have known.

ADAM: 'Tis true, my wife, and still there is another thought; if we have first learned life's pain and humanity's loving, we, too, have first faced the knowledge of death. To those who follow, death will be but an inevitable sequence of life, a natural phenomenon, like harvest following seed-time, like darkness after day; like winter after summer, or tears after laughter. To us—

EVE (interrupting): How often have we speculated upon this, dear heart, to no avail. It is all a mystery! When it will come; how it will come; whether the great God will bid us go yet further and put another flaming sword behind us, whether it is but a grouping in the dark and a forgetting—Oh, the horror of it, Adam, the horror of it!

ADAM: Thus do I say, dear wife, that if ours be the first joy so also is ours this first burden of the real horror of death. Our children will never know it as we do. It is our trust to prepare them for it.

EVE: But if we could only know one thing!

ADAM: What, my Eve?

EVE: If this strange thing will fall upon us both together or only one.

ADAM: I had not thought of that. We have been ever together, dear Eve; it does not seem possible that we can ever suffer, enjoy or meet any change apart. If we sinned it was together; from Eden we were banished hand in hand; together we have toiled in this other waste and side by side have watched the miracle of growth. Around us is the beauty our hands have brought forth, the order our brains conceived. Shall we work out part of the sentence together and at the last go into the Shadow apart? I think not, my Eve. Thou art I, my very self; even Death cannot part us.

EVE: Then am I content.

Upon the same spot, at twilight, many years after, Adam, old and bent, walking beside Eve and timing his faltering steps to her slow movements.

EVE: I fain would rest me here, dear Adam, beneath our favorite tree.

ADAM: Most gladly. I know not why, but each day I care less for going afar; each day I more desire to sit still and think backward-turning thoughts. To wander thus far with only you, my Eve, is effort enough.

EVE: Aye, and so it is with me. I love them all, these children I have borne, but sometimes it seems to irk me, all this young life about me. And yet, I mind me once, when just to be alive with thee, my Adam, was joy enough. Remember you when Cain was born?

ADAM: Aye, well I do. Did not his first cry repay you for all the dark hours and agony of his birth; for Eden's loss?

EVE: Your love had paid that long, long before.

ADAM: (clasping her hand) Dear wife!—and I was going to add for the the heritage of Death itself.

EVE: Oh, ever it seems does Life pay for Death and then I sometimes think the stroke swings back and Death perhaps does pay for Life. Do you recall how once, before we had children and were all alone, we used to talk of Death and of our horror of its mystery?

ADAM: Aye, well I do, but now we seem not so afraid.

EVE: We have seen our Abel dead.

ADAM: That is true, but if it were not so I think we still would not so greatly marvel nor so greatly fear. I wonder now, since I am so strangely bowed and move so feebly, if Death may not prove a compensation. To-night, as we sit here, where we used to sit in our early days and watch these same stars come out in their nightly procession, there seems a weight upon me that I fain would cast aside, a tightness around my heart that will not loosen, as though I anticipated something, I know not what, but something strange that is not far away.

EVE: You would not leave me, Adam?

ADAM: Nay, nay, dear heart—but heard you not a voice as of God calling in the evening in Eden?

EVE: Ever I hear only you, Adam!

ADAM: But I hear Him. Yea, Lord, I follow—Eve, follow thou; if this be Death 'tis—not—more—strange than—Life.

EVOLUTION OF STOCK-JOBGING.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THEY have got a new explanatory theory of recent developments in the railroad and industrial world.

After we have read and heard so many things about the causes and purposes of consolidations, and settled down to the opinion that leading financiers had nothing but the interests of the public in view, James J. Hill steps to the front with the announcement that the scientific dogma of the survival of the fittest was at the bottom of it all, and that all other theories represented nothing but unadulterated rot. The gentleman from the Northwest was quite angry, the papers state, owing to the persistent statements of some obnoxious persons that the railroads were trying to circumvent both Federal and State laws and antagonistic to public interests. If we remember correctly, Hill pretended to have a similar fit of indignation in the latter part of 1901, when the formation of the Northern Securities Company aroused such a flood of hostile criticism in various Northwestern States, especially in Minnesota, where Governor Van Sant did not hesitate to declare his opinion about the matter, and his determination to have the legality of railroad consolidation brought before the courts. At that time, Mr. Hill, as President of the Great Northern and one of the incorporators of the Northern Securities Company, spoke in almost doleful strains of the requirements of the agricultural situation in the Northwest; of the imperative necessity of securing an outlet to the Southwest, via the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; of the viciousness of competition, and the almost touching, noble and highly edifying altruism of the haute finance in coming to the rescue of the poor, deluded and oppressed Man with the Hoe. While some suspected that Hill was talking through his hat and endeavoring to bamboozle the public, his (to use a Talmagian expression) assumed indignation had quite a spectacular effect, and induced several rural conventions to pass resolutions commendatory of the unselfish work and intentions of the Morgan-Hill clique.

Afterwards, the same gentleman unbosomed himself again, and declared that the Northern Securities Company was formed in order to prevent the Union Pacific crowd from invading the Northwest. He also asserted, with remarkably deficient logic, that such an invasion would have spelled ruin for the Northwestern farmer. He did not explain exactly what he meant. Perhaps he did not know it himself, but everybody could perceive that Hill was still posing as the philanthropic champion of the agriculturist. Even at this time, it is not quite clear why or how the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific syndicate intended to bring disaster to the Northwestern part of the country, and to commit suicide. Nevertheless, Hill's imagination looked far ahead; his prophetic vision saw the sombre figure of misfortune reposing on the cow-catcher of the first Union Pacific engine entering Seattle. And his agricultural proteges thanked him for his kindness and devoted endeavors, and exclaimed: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

Hill had hardly finished sawing air, when his great and mighty friend, J. Pierpont Morgan, he of the fat commissions, declared on the witness stand that the railroad combination in the Northwest was due to stock market exigencies; that he and Hill had to protect themselves; that they did not wish to lose control of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific; that they desired to ward off threatening competition by buying the Burlington, and that the Northern Securities Company was endowed with such a generous capitalization in order to prevent others from acquiring control. At the same time, Morgan aired

The Mirror

his speculative views with refreshing ingenuousness, and indulged in some bombastic utterances about the magnitude of his deals. He likewise consented to give us another explanation of modern consolidation manœuvres. In reply to questions, he stated that the various huge concerns had been formed for the purpose of preventing loss of control, and insinuated that by making the capitalization as large as possible, rivals will not be able to secure a majority of the stock. Now, how can we reconcile these conflicting theories of Hill and Morgan? Either one or the other, perhaps both, told us untruths. Hill very wisely refrained from commenting on, or explaining, Morgan's words. He could not give a plausible explanation of previous explanations.

After thinking hard for a little while, he obligingly gave some reporter a chance to interview him, and straightway launched into another and entirely different explanation of consolidation movements. His somewhat suspicious verbosity amounted to something like this: "You people don't know what you are talking about. Buying for control, community of interest and all that sort of thing, is nothing but rubbish. There is no community of interest; you fellows are seeing ghosts. We are law-abiding people; we do not intend to evade the statutes or court decisions. If there is a movement towards consolidation (of which I am not quite certain), it is nothing but another case of the survival of the fittest." Everything nowadays is a survival of the fittest; is is such an elastic, convenient, easily misunderstood theory, don't you know. Survival of the fittest—how smoothly that rolls from the tongue! What a strange connection there is between science and stock-jobbing? It is all evolution. Modern developments in Wall street demonstrate the value and truth of Darwin's theories. There was no necessity for Darwin's going to the end of the world in search of proofs of his evolutionary ideas. By not dying and waiting patiently he could have witnessed the triumph of his theories in Wall street of the twentieth century.

After Hill's latest, it will be proper to assume that Gates, Harriman, Morgan and the rest of the big fellows are doing everything on a scientific basis. They are doing each other up according to the most approved, scientific methods. If you lose and allow yourself to be cheated, you are not fit to survive; you deserve to be knocked out. All you have to do is to get in your knock-out blow first. Don't let anybody get ahead of you.

How all these fellows are fooling and hoodwinking the public. Every other day they advance another theory, but never the right one. Survival of the fittest, forsooth—how can there be such a thing, when all natural laws are perverted and upset; when almighty syndicates control leading railroads, industrial corporations, money markets and stock exchanges? It is not a survival of the fittest, it is a survival of the most dishonest, the most brutal and the most powerful. And the more funds and banks you have under your control, the more powerful you are at the present time. There is no equality of conditions; there cannot be under the prevailing state of affairs. Hill's latest explanation conceals a world of cynicism and contempt of public rights and justice. It reminds one of that queer answer given by a Kurdish robber to a question propounded by M. Vambéry, the famous Hungarian traveler in the Orient. The latter asked the brutal Moslem why he preferred to make his living by robbing and murdering others. The Kurd replied with another question: "Why has Allah created strong and weak men?"

Evolution had mighty little to do with the Northern Securities Company, or the United States Steel Corporation. Our huge trusts are being organized for stock-jobbing purposes, principally. If the law of the survival of the fittest had had full sway, they would never have been organized. And as long as there is not a free chance for all, such combines will grow up to oppress us. The Standard Oil Trust is paying from 40 to 50 per cent per annum to stockholders. If competitors had any sort of a show, oil would be much lower than it is, and the trust would have to be satisfied with, say, 10 per cent per annum,

at which rate the stockholders could still afford to do business.

Modern consolidations are, as a rule, due to the suppression of competition by unjust and unlawful methods. They represent the everlasting struggle of might against right, and if might is right (and this seems to be Hill's idea) then consolidation is indeed a survival of the fittest. However, there is one thought to console the oppressed. What is the fittest now may be the unfittest twenty years hence. Consolidation cannot be regarded as the millennium. We are still "evolving," and the end is as far off and as unknown as it was five thousand years ago.

THE WATER-CURE.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

CARDENIO'S fortunes ne'er miscarried
Until the day Cardenio married.
What then? the Nymph, no doubt, was young?

She was: but yet—she had a tongue!
Most women have, you seem to say,
I grant it—in a different way.
'Twas not that organ half-divine,
With which, Dear Friend, your spouse or mine,
What time we seek our nightly pillows,
Rebukes our easy peccadilloes:
'Twas not so tuneful, so composing;
'Twas louder and less often dozing;
At Ombre, Bassett, Loo, Quadrille,
You heard it resonant and shrill;
You heard it rising, rising yet
Beyond Selinda's parquoet;
You heard it rival and outdo
The chair-men and the link-boy, too;
In short, wherever lungs perform,
Like Marlborough, it rode the storm.
So uncontrolled it came to be,
Cardenio feared his *chère amie*
(Like Echo by Cephissus shore)
Would turn to voice and nothing more.
That ('tis conceded) must be cured
Which can't by practice be endured.
Cardenio, though he loved the maid,
Grew daily more and more afraid;
And since advice could not prevail
(Reproof but seemed to fan the gale),
A prudent man, he cast about
To find some fitting nostrum out,
What need to say that priceless drug
Had not in any mine been dug?
What need to say no skillful leech
Could check that plethora of speech?
Suffice it, that one lucky day
Cardenio tried—another way.

A Hermit (there were hermits then;
The most accessible of men!)
Near Vauxhall's sacred shade resided;
In him, at length, our friend confided.
(Simple, for show, he used to sell;
But cast Nativities as well.)
Consulted, he looked wondrous wise;
Then undertook the enterprise.
What that might be, the Muse must spare;
To tell the truth, she was not there.
She scorns to patch what she ignores
With Similes and Metaphors;
And so, in short, to change the scene,
She slips a fortnight in between.

Behold our pair then (quite by chance)
In Vauxhall's garden of romance—
That paradise of nymphs and grottoes,
Of fans, and fiddles, and ridottoes!
What wonder if, the lamps reviewed,
The song encored, the maze pursued,
No further feat could seem more pat

Than seek the Hermit after that?
Who then more keen her fate to see
Than this, the new Leuconoe,
On fire to learn the lore forbidden
In Babylonian numbers hidden?
Forthwith they took the darkling road
To Albumazar, his abode.
Arriving, they behold the sage
Intent on hieroglyphic page,
In high Armenian cap arrayed
And girt with engines of his trade,
(As Skeletons, and Spheres, and Cubes;
As Amulets and Optic Tubes);
With dusky depths behind revealing
Strange shapes that dangled from the ceiling;
While more to palsy the beholder
A Black Cat sat upon his shoulder.

The Hermit eyed the Lady o'er
As one whose face he'd seen before,
And then, with agitated looks,
He fell to fumbling at his books.

Cardenio felt his spouse was frightened,
Her grasp upon his arm had tightened;
Judge then her horror and her dread;
When "Vox Stellarum" shook his head;
Then darkly spake in phrase forlorn
Of Tarsus and of Capricorn;
Of stars averse, and stars ascendant,
And stars entirely independent;
In fact, it seemed that all the Heavens
Were set at sixes and at sevens,
Portending, in her case, some fate
Too fearful to prognosticate.

Meanwhile the Dame was well-nigh dead.
"But is there naught," Cardenio said,
"No sign or token, Sage, to show
From whence, or what, this dismal woe?"

The Sage, with circle and with plane
Betook him to his charts again.
"It vaguely seems to threaten Speech:
No more (he said) the signs can teach."

But still Cardenio tried once more:
"Is there no potion in your store,
No charm by Chaldee mage concerted
By which this doom can be averted?"

The Sage, with motion doubly mystic,
Resumed his juggling cabalistic.
The aspects here again were various;
But seemed to indicate Aquarius.
Thereat portentously he frowned;
Then frowned again, then smiled;—'twas found!
But 'twas too simple to be tried.
"What is it then?" at once they cried.
"Whene'er by chance you feel incited
To speak at length, or uninvited;
Whene'er you feel your tones grow shrill
(At times, we know, the softest will!)
This word oracular, my daughter,
Bids you to fill your mouth with water:
Further, to hold it firm and fast,
Until the danger be o'erpast."

The Dame, by this in part relieved
The prospects of escape perceived,
Rebelled a little at the diet.
Cardenio said discreetly, "Try it,
Try it, my Own. You have no choice,
What if you lose your charming voice!"
She tried, it seems. And whether then
Some god stepped in, benign to men;
Or Modesty, too long outlawed,
Contrived to aid the pious fraud,
I know not—but from that same day
She talked in quite a different way.

—From *Collected Poems*.

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THE OVERLAND—EASTBOUND.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

HER name was Eulalie, but everyone in Elkton called her Dottie. "Old Man" Lebrun, her father, had started Elkton. He came down as a hunter and trapper in the old days when the territory was as primeval as his own Canadian frontier, but when the wild game was pretty well hunted out and the white emigrants and the soldiers commenced to come he turned freighter, and later, when the copper camp started at Goose Creek, he blazed a stage route thither and founded the traffic that made him rich—for a frontiersman. When Mrs. Lebrun died Dottie was a chubby, big-eyed elf of four, and so the women, who were few, and the men, who had never more than one tender side in their make-ups in those harsh days, petted the child and made life very sweet and radiant as she grew. Now she was twenty, with the eyes of a doe, so lustrous and wondering; brown skin, peeling a little from her oval face from the whipping, sand-spattered winds of the plains, the form of a stately woman and the heart of a yearning child. She had been "through school," had taught in it for a term and was esteemed as the most learned inhabitant of Elkton "next to Parson Davies and Squire Beeno," and, perhaps, Professor Swinton, who was, however, a newcomer and therefore yet on probation.

Professor Swinton "stopped" at Lebrun's. He was a New Yorker, frank, boyish, unaffected, gentle and generous. He laughed deprecatingly at the "professor" idea, for he was only "principal" of the three-room school, and he had that admirable desire to be called by his given name that is strong in all young, ingenuous natures. His coming had made quite a "difference" with Eulalie, and they had come along so well in their acquaintance that she now called him "Mister Maurice" and he said "Miss Eulalie." He had told her many wondrous things about New York and the world that lies beyond and apart from the sand-girt silences of her home, of the splendor and the folly, of the pageantry and the mockery, of the canon-like streets, the glories, the squalor, the resonance and the emptiness of the life he had left to grow up, as he said, with the free West. Sometimes he told her love stories, of which she forgot to ask him "How do you know?" and silent and eager-eyed, like the child in the nursery at night, she only listened and hoped that his legends might never come to an end.

If she had been a wise girl she might have asked more questions, pertinent, personal, intimate probes as to himself, and then, being so frank, he might have told her all and more than she could have wished to know about him-

self. But she was content to know him as he now was in Elkton, and, so knowing him, she said he was good to know and to see and to hear. Sometimes, when the sun was gone, they rode their ponies away into the short-grass, endless plateaus, that dip and rise above the mesa walls of the little town; sometimes they galloped through the narrow trails of the remoter hills, but always she listened, smiling half sadly, half raptly, and always he told his quaint jokes, his true tales of real fairies and his romances of the Babylons she might never see.

One day he got a fat letter from the East, and when he had read it and laughed over it and held up the check which it brought, he ran into the hallway and called for Miss Eulalie. She had ridden into town, her father said, "to trade." Maurice went to the corral and saddled his pony. It was Saturday, his holiday. He galloped gayly down the dusty road, sniffing the hot wind and twirling his quirt like a man with good news. He met Eulalie in the main street, just mounted upon her old white pony, and waved his letter at her.

"Aunt Von Werdon is dead, Miss Eulalie," he said, stopping and looking at her merrily.

"That one that gave the tea party to the cats and kittens? But you're sorry, ain't you, Mr. Maurice?" she asked, wondering at his levity.

"Yes—and no. You see, she had only two reasons for living—cats and me. She preferred the cats, and—then she was old beyond computation—but I will say that she did better by me than I had a right to except. See? She has left me \$500! I shall have money to burn." And his eyes looked wistfully up the heat-scoured street, with its reeking bar-rooms, its empty, wooden sidewalks and its dreary sameness of frame-shanty stores. "Will you wait till I cash this check, Miss Eulalie?" he added; "I'd like to ride home with you."

She rode into the shade of the town well and let her pony drink while he went to the bank. But when he came back she said: "It's train time, Mr. Maurice" (with a pouting little grimace); "you know I love to see the train go past. The Overland side-tracks here, and I'd like to look at the people. Then you might see somebody you know."

He laughed again at her childlike curiosity, and they paced down the street toward the station. The Overland whistled as they rode into the space by the depot and down by the side track where the red water-tank steamed in the burning sunlight. He thought she looked very beautiful as they waited there, for he was accustomed to the rough buckskin gloves she always wore, and he knew that the grace, which made her home-spun gown seem picturesque and appropriate, was none of the dressmaker's art. The

choking sand swept down from the red mesa and dusted her ebon hair as it fluttered abroad in the blistering wind. The little drops of perspiration that started and trickled down her brown cheeks made muddy streaks upon her handkerchief as she wiped them away.

The train, groaning and trembling as it slowed down past them, brought with it a tornado of dust and paper that hid from him the sweet mouth of the girl beside him, but when he looked up he saw that his face was near the window of a private car. Within he could see the white and silver splendor of the traveling palace. In the sconces of the walls were cut flowers and lush vines trailing between the windows. As the hiss of the engine ceased he could hear the tinkling music of a serenade that he had not heard since he left New York.

"Let's ride up to the forward window, Miss Eulalie," he said. "Somebody is playing the piano."

When they were opposite the window they could see a woman seated at the instrument, but as their shadows fell across the light she rose and came, facing them, as if to draw the shades. Eulalie saw the lily whiteness of her face, the great blue eyes, the yellow hair, the soft, light hand that rested an instant on the window's sill. She must have dreamed the smile, it was so beautiful, and the voice, bell-like and tender, as the lady raised the sash, and, beaming like the morning, said:

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, that is you, isn't it?"

Eulalie had not turned her eyes to him before Swinton was down, flushed, eager and trembling. He held out the end of his bridle to Eulalie and she took it mechanically, her lips apart, wondering as she always wondered. The angelic face had vanished from the window and Maurice had gone into the car, but Eulalie sat there in the furnace breath of the sun and held his pony. She did not hear the locomotive bell nor the voice from the platform shouting "all aboard." She was yet dreaming. But the windows slipped silkily past her, and presently she was staring after the rushing cars, yet wondering if Maurice would tell her some stories about this fairy, the first she had ever seen from that wonderland of his. But though she waited for an hour he did not come back. She asked the station master if Prof. Swinton had left the train. Nobody had seen him since he and she had been sitting on their ponies together.

"The next stop east is Brussels," said the agent. "If he gets off there he'll be back on the night local."

So she left his pony at the depot, rode slowly home through the dust, and came back to the night local. He did not come. He never came to Elkton since, and Eulalie no longer wonders. She knows.

DO WE WANT GOOD MUSIC?

BY JELBY.

The expected has happened. The town has been fine-toothed-combed for two hundred guarantors of the necessary \$20,000, and ninety-three of the required two hundred got away. So, now, as in the honeyed phrase of the prospectus of the "oil gusher," the ninety and three strayed sheep are to have "only one week more, gentlemen, to avail yourselves of the opportunity of a lifetime." We can mentally picture the indomitable Mirkham going about with a tropical smile and a cold-storage heart, saying to the rich music lovers of St. Louis (Save the mark!), "Step lively now, so as to show the knockers" that St. Louis is a music loving city;" or "you've only had a month to do what Sedalia would have done in a day; get busy, now, and show your civic pride, your devotion to art." And then we can hear the dull thud when, one by one, they are run to cover and hand out the old, old tale of the 'poverty-stricken millionaire, "I've had so many calls on me this year." "I have no money." "I'm only a trustee for my children," etc. etc., *ad nauseam*. Even the elect who owned Wiggins Ferry stock and sold to both Trust Companies, will say, "dear me, I haven't any money; I've nothing but a receipt from one Trust Company and a guarantee from another."

And when all the tom-toms have been beaten, and all our "best citizens" have done their time honored "disappearing specialty," the devoted few who have never faltered, will underwrite the deficit and back we'll go into the same old rut.

The great round-up concert was a notable success both financially and artistically, and last year's deficit was wiped out with the proceeds. True, the orchestra was small, the musicians being volunteers and feeling no greater obligation resting upon them to give up \$5, than upon the millionaire to subscribe \$100. But the instrumental part was good, the chorus work fine, some of it superb and Ernst was at his best. The house was packed, of course, for what St. Louisans would be so false to his principles and the traditions of the city as to miss out on getting a concert from three first class organizations for the price of one? Former Mayor Walbridge, in his address, oiled the wheels and made all that could be made of the situation, but it was nothing less than pathetic to see the "music loving" public of this great town rejoicing and being exceedingly glad, when told that after a month's hard work, columns of newspaper touting and talk enough to fill all the Sunday editions of all the papers in the world, barely half the money had been raised necessary to keep this old community out of the "village class" in musical matters.

Now I'm not one of the "I told you so's," but may I not be pardoned for referring to a former article in which I, a warm friend and one of the guarantors of the society, deprecated the false theory upon which it has so long been run, viz: the maintenance of a good organization by a heroic few to furnish music at bargain-counter prices to a lot of hard-fisted people who could well afford, but will not pay even living wages to the orchestra? The latest announcement leaves no room for doubt as to the proposition I then laid down. *The people of St. Louis do not want good music except at a big discount on the market price!* This is a fact no longer open to discussion. There has

been more drumming and printers' ink expended in the attempt to raise this \$20,000 guarantee fund than was needed to underwrite the billion dollar steel trust. And what is the result? One hundred and seven persons have responded. The other ninety-three are "hiding out." I venture to assert that the signed list of one hundred and seven is composed, name for name, of the "Old Guard" with, perhaps, a half score of new people who respond about as willingly as a badger is drawn out of his hole. Our "best citizens" (scilicet, our rich ones) don't care for good music. They don't care much for anything but progressive euchre, ping-pong and kindred intellectualities. When they are approached for a cause like this they tremble between the dread of not being considered rich and the terror of being thought rich enough to give. They do not know how to give and they regard those who have acquired the giving habit as innovators who disturb the public peace with such pernicious doctrines as Carnegie's aphorism that "it is a crime to die rich." Many of them are ashamed to give, genuinely ashamed, for fear they will be thought guilty of a weakness unworthy of a business man. Others are mere vulgar *Gradgrinds*, who exult in the cunning that enables them to escape an obvious duty to society. Those who are in easy circumstances are not musical enough to make any sacrifice for good music and there you have it all in a nutshell. The poor cannot, and the rich and the well-to-do will not pay for it, and it doesn't grow on trees.

There is no worse folly than self-deception. No one would go out for a guarantee to pay for paving our sidewalks with Parian marble, in case the people should decline to levy the tax to meet the cost. Such pavements would be lovely to see and walk upon, and the people of Baden and Frenchtown would tread them with glee if some kindly-disposed but infatuated persons would lay and pay for them, but even under the Nesbitt law no tax levy could be carried to reimburse those who had footed the bills. We have tried for some years to convince the Philippines that they ought to want a higher order of civilization. We have used all kinds of arguments, including killing "all persons over ten years of age" and the "water cure," at a cost of about three millions a month, and we have not been wholly successful as yet. Are we not engaged in about as hopeless a task in trying to persuade the people of St. Louis that what they want is classical music, not "coon songs" and concert-hall trash? Why not heed the voice of the people themselves?

This is to be ascertained only at the ticket office. They have so often registered their choice in this way by making a full house at twenty-five cents, a half filled house at fifty cents and empty benches at one dollar, that it would seem the question is no longer open for debate. They *think* they know what they want, to-wit: one dollar music at twenty-five cents *per*. They may be wrong, very wrong, but so long as they think that way, is there any sense in some few devoted souls paying for tenderloin while the eaters prefer rump steak?

So it is with the better order of music. Let us look that fact squarely in the face. It costs money and is well worth its cost, but nothing could be clearer than that the folks in this town don't want it any more than they want peacock's tongues to eat or cloth-of-gold to wear. Liver and onions and sauer kraut to eat, shoddy hand-me-downs to wear, and ragtime and summer opera music

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and

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heats water quickly. Can be used in connection with Any Coal or Gas Range. Consumes very little gas and is only - - - \$7.50 Set up complete in your house.

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Gas Stoves in plenty can be found;
Any one can spare \$2.00 in change;
But this is the only place in town
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best citizens. We thought for long that you would grow up to the realization of the truism that you cannot get good things without paying for them. We find you still labor under that hallucination. Our end is too heavy, we can no longer hold it up. It is now up to you!" Curtain!

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

to listen to are good enough for us. That's the kind of people most of us are, and so what is the use of trying to honey-fuggle ourselves or anybody else into the idea that we are gourmets or wear robes of pride or yearn for high class music? It's not only foolish, but it comes too high to try to anticipate the century of education needed to put us as a people into the other class.

The premises considered, I submit that the thing for the Society to do is to come out candidly and say to the good people of this town: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have done our best; we are now tired of chasing greased pigs and holding up our

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Miss Ida McClelland is entertaining Miss Viola Fisher.

Miss Grace Cunningham has gone to make a visit to Kansas City friends.

Miss Lucille Morgan, of Evanston, Ind., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. W. Benedict.

Mrs. A. B. Hodges, of South Dakota, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hodges.

Mrs. Milton B. Griffith has been suddenly called to New York by the illness of her sister.

Mrs. John Howard Siegrist arrived in St. Louis, last week, from New York, for a short stay.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Williamson, of 5600 Cates avenue, have returned from a sojourn at French Lick Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gardner left, last week, for Indianapolis, Ind., where they will make a visit to friends.

Mrs. C. D. P. Hamilton, of 5517 Cates avenue, will give a large whist party, on Friday afternoon, May 16th.

Miss Julia Waterman and Miss Mimi Roberts have gone to make a visit to Mrs. M. Roberts in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garesche, of Maryland avenue, have just returned from a week's trip to Okawville Springs.

Mrs. Will Walker, of Fullerton place, gave a luncheon on Wednesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. D. R. Calhoun.

Mrs. Bunsford Lewis entertained the ladies of the King's Daughters, of the Lindell avenue M. E. Church, last week.

Mrs. Prentiss Dana Cheney left, last week, for Paducah, Ky., where she will spend a fortnight with Mrs. J. Victor Voohees.

Mrs. Charles A. Cox sent out cards on Monday for a large bridge whist party, which will be given on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Alfred Scannell, of West Belle, will give a large reception on Thursday afternoon, May 22nd, from three to five o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Preetorius have returned from their bridal tour and are located, temporarily, at the West End Hotel.

Mrs. James Garneau, of Washington avenue, entertained the Acephalous Euchre Club, last week, at its closing meeting of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bayless, of Page boulevard, will leave the first of June for Detroit, where they will make their home in future.

Mrs. Rhodes Cox, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Hinzpeter, of 4466 Maryland avenue, has returned from a trip to San Antonio, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Stevenson have been entertaining their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Clark who has returned to her home, in Bowling Green, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hoffmann and family have returned from a six months' stay in California, and will be at home to friends at 3635 Blaine avenue.

Miss Maude Niedringhaus, accompanied by her sister, Miss Lucille Niedringhaus, and Mrs. Courtney West, are spending a few weeks in New York.

Miss Josephine Lee, of West Pine boulevard, gave a pretty luncheon on Wednesday afternoon, in honor of Miss James, of Boston, who is visiting Mrs. Julia B. Hellmuth, of Raymond place.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch left on Sunday, for New York, in their private car. They will sail, next week, for Europe to spend the summer at their country place, Villa Lily, on the Rhine.

Mrs. Scott Barritt Parsons, of 3131 Washington avenue, has sent out cards for an "at home" on Wednesday, May 14th, from three to five o'clock, when she will be assisted by Mrs. Clarence Gill and Mrs. Scott Eliza Parsons, whose cards are enclosed in the invitation.

Miss Viola Robinson and Mr. Willis Powell have lately announced their engagement. Miss Robinson is the youngest daughter of Dr. A. C. Robinson and Mr. Powell is the son of Mr. Willis J. Powell, of 3103 Morgan street. The wedding will take place the morning of June 24th, Father Brougeest officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. George Doby, of Cabanne, left last Friday evening for New York, where they will spend a few days and then go on to Boston, where Mrs. Doby will give a large recital prior to sailing for Europe, accompanied by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frenzel, under whose chaperonage she will study vocal culture in Paris.

An engagement which is just now being spoken of in South Side circles, is that of Miss Margaret Louise McIntosh and Mr. William Dee Becker, who have been quietly telling their friends that their wedding will be one of the fashionable June events, although the exact date has not been set. Mr. Becker is a rising

young lawyer, and Miss McIntosh, the daughter of Mrs. J. L. McIntosh, of West Belle place.

Miss Florence Harris and Dr. John Herff have selected June as the date of their marriage instead of fall as was first intended. The ceremony will take place the 30th, and will be a large church affair followed by a small reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd G. Harris, of Waverly Place. The bride and groom will then go for a Western bridal tour, settling permanently in San Antonio. Miss Anne Ittner will attend the bride as maid of honor, and Dr. Herff will have several of his fellow-graduates, at Ann Arbor, as best man and ushers.

A number of well-known young society people have arranged a unique at fresco entertainment, "A Trial by Jury," by Mr. George W. Bailey, which they will present on Saturday afternoon, in the open air, at Jennings station. The participants in the production are, Misses Lily M. Coale, Mabel Sanders, Helen Dillon, Josephine Irarres, Adelaide Anderson, Agnes O'Reilly, King, Blakesley, Mellon, Mrs. John B. Denver, Messrs. Walter Blakesley, Tom Bell, Harry Troll, Fox and Drown. A special car has been obtained to convey the guest to and from Jennings and a number of ladies and gentlemen will remain all night, spending the long evening in tennis, croquet and dancing. Altogether the affair will be an undoubted social event.

Recently, a young lady, elegantly gowned, while crossing the street, caught the heel of her dainty, French boot between two cobble stones. Ordinarily this would have ruined the shoe and thrown the young lady, but that she wore a Swope shoe. Swope's are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

WHY HE OR SHE IS IT.

Although in the first person, singular number, the baby is equal to any number of persons in the plural. He is in the nominative case until you find a name for him; he is in the possessive case when he gets hold of the sugar bowl; he is in the objective case when you want to give him a bath, or put him to bed. His tenses vary but the imperfect predominates. He is in the active voice at all times of day and night. He is in the indicative mood when he wants anything; he is in the potential when he gets it; in the imperative always and in the subjunctive never. He is a common noun but a highly irregular verb. He is the subject of the sentence invariably and governs absolutely without being limited by anybody or anything.

He does not confine himself to nine parts of speech, but has a fragmentary discourse of his own, impossible to number or catalogue. He follows implicitly only one rule, which is: to be an exception whenever he chooses, and that is pretty often.

If you want to know how often, stay at home and study his requirements while his mother is out shopping—Ex.

A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two letter monogram except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT—Cahill: "Religion is a great thing, Dennis, a fine thing!"

Casey: "To be sure it is; Oi get into more foights about religion than annything ilse!"—Puck.

An art nouveau era is at hand and some of the designs in bronzes, sterling silverware and jewelry, shown at Bolland's, are perfect dreams of beauty. Seventh and Locust streets.



Solid Silver Pepper or Salt, beautifully eng'd.
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TEA SPOONS, set of 6, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.25 and up to \$11.00
DESSERT SPOONS, set of 6, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$11.50 and up to \$17.25
TABLE SPOONS, set of 6, \$12.50, \$16.00, \$19.00 and up to \$24.50
DESSERT FORKS, set of 6, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$11.50 and up to \$17.20
TABLE FORKS, set of 6, \$12.50, \$16.00, \$19.00 and up to \$24.50
BON-BON DISHES, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and up to \$36.00
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BREAD TRAYS, \$22.00, \$24.00, \$27.00 and up to \$50.00

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STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES.

Fifteen years ago a young Westerner, visiting New York, for the first time, was invited to attend a reception at the home of a lawyer of distinction and considerable wealth. Arriving late he hurriedly entered the house and was met by a stranger who mildly inquired if he could do anything for him.

"I don't know," he replied, removing his coat and hat, which an attendant carried away. "I am one of the expected guests of the host. Little late, but he'll overlook that. Wonder where he is?"

"Are you a stranger in the city?"

"Yes. And I never should have found the house but for the awning and carpets and bright lights and carriages at the door. Looks quite gay."

"Rather, well, make yourself at home. Guess the host will be around presently." The stranger wandered aimlessly.

No one seemed to notice him, yet a central office detective shadowed him through the house. He asked a dozen times if Mr. Blank had been seen, but both guests and attendants replied in the negative. Nor was Mrs. Blank to be found. At last, greatly disgusted, he abruptly withdrew, and the next morning found him early at the office of the lawyer to demand an explanation. When both sides had explained a comedy of errors stood revealed. The lawyer had spent an anxious evening waiting for his young friend, while the latter had evidently wandered into the house of a prominent banker in the same street who had held a reception the same night.

"We will call on Mr. S. and make his acquaintance," said the lawyer, leading the way to the National bank. "You will have a chance to apologize for your intrusion."

The banker was most genial. The stranger recognized him at sight as the one who had greeted him at the door the night before and asked him to make himself at home. "If you had not been so breezy we might have come to an understanding," he said. "I saw at once that you were lost, but thought I'd let you have your fun out. Hope you had a good time." The three lunched together. The lawyer was urged to bring his friend to call on the banker's family. There was a pretty daughter. The friend was a fine young man. Putting two and two together induced the friend to

settle in New York, where he now lives, husband of the daughter and vice president of a big bank. Selah.

A necklace of 21 beautifully matched white perfect diamonds, ranging in weight from one to four carats each, lately purchased from a private party, can be acquired at two-thirds of the original purchase price. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., 7th and Locust street.

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It is to your advantage to patronize this laundry. We use water from CAMP JACKSON SPRINGS, which is under our laundry. If you are "from Missouri" we will show you. By using this water your linen will wear much longer and look better. I have no interest in any other laundry and no one except my partner and manager, Mr. J. Arthur Anderson, is interested with me.

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A SOLDIER OF HUMANITY.

(In the *Cosmopolitan* for May, John Brisben Walker discusses the reputation, character and work of the late John P. Altgeld.)

I should like not to say anything about the late Governor Altgeld. I am aware that he was, without doubt, the most unpopular man who was ever in American public life. His unpopularity extends even to those who would say a word about him after his death. But it would be such a cowardly thing to refrain from paying a tribute that is absolutely deserved because it means that a certain number of my readers will stop their subscriptions or lose confidence in the judgment of the editor. I have had the good fortune to know personally nearly every public man of the past quarter of a century. I have never known any man who more nearly approached the ideal of absolute integrity and unselfishness than the late Governor Altgeld. Without arguing what he believed was good or bad, we must recognize that the man himself was guided, at all times, by the strictest sense of justice and duty, even to the extent of sacrificing first his reputation, then his fortune and lastly his life. Before I had ever met him, I asked Charles Page Bryan, later appointed by Mr. McKinley as minister to Brazil, but then a Republican member of the Illinois Legislature: "What kind of a man is this fellow, Altgeld?" "An absolutely honest man," he replied. "He stands with his hand firmly on the throat of the thieves who would rob the State. I have no question that he could have half a million at any time if he would turn his back and ignore the attempts which are being made on the State treasury." This from a staunch Republican, interested me, and, later on, while en route across the continent, a telegram to Governor Altgeld brought an invitation to meet him in Chicago.

The preceding day there had been a Democratic convention in Michigan. The papers of the morning contained an account of how the delegates had sold themselves after adjourning the convention in order to permit the bribery to be consummated. It seemed at that time as if the spirit of corruption was over everything. Both National parties were in the hands of men who apparently proposed to use them to advance private interests.

I found a sick man sitting in a deep chair, his head thrown forward, looking the picture of dejection, a grave, severe face, a cut lip which would have been disfigurement without the intellectual head above. I have seldom seen a more hopeless man. At that time he had been misrepresented, in the vilest terms, in two-thirds of the press of the United States. To read the accounts you would have believed him low, illiterate, dishonest and capable of almost any crime. He himself recognized that, in administering with the highest intentions the duties of his office, he had drawn upon himself a hatred that had never been equalled in American politics. He also knew that he had lost his fortune and recognized that his health was gone, and on the day in question it seemed as if such efforts as he had made had been entirely in vain.

It was impossible for me to estimate truly at this time the great soul of this man. I

am thankful, however, that I, in some measure, gauged his real character and that I sought every occasion afterwards to see more of the man and have the opportunity to hear him discourse. I can say now, in all sincerity, that I believe him to have been absolutely true to his ideal of justice and human brotherhood at every moment of his career. Without a single one of the arts of the orator, he stood upon the platform, gloomy and forbidding, while he held his audiences spellbound by the force of his splendid intellect.

And what a death!

A soldier of humanity, with armor on, standing in the foremost ranks, defending the cause he loved above all others, these were his dying words: "I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves. A pendulum swings one way and then another, but the steady pull of gravitation is toward the center of the earth. Any structure must be plumb if it is to endure. So it is with nations. Wrong may seem to triumph; right may seem to be defeated; but the gravitation of eternal justice is upward toward the throne of God. Any political institution, if it is to endure, must be plumb with that line of justice."

Then he fell to the platform, and, with one word of recollection for his wife, the end had come. Was ever before a devoted life rewarded with a more magnificent death?

OBSERVATION CARS

On "The Overland Limited"—Electric Lighted—have tiled platforms, enclosed with brass and ornamental railings, large enough to accommodate all passengers. Libraries, writing desks, books, magazines, and current literature of all kinds.

Each car has six compartments and a drawing room containing washstand, hot and cold water, electric curling iron heaters, parcel racks and all toilet conveniences.

This famous train reaches Salt Lake City twelve hours and San Francisco sixteen hours ahead of all competitors.

If you contemplate a trip to any Western point, the Union Pacific offers you the highest degree of comfort and luxury with no additional cost and a great saving of time and expense. Full information cheerfully furnished on application to J. H. Lothrop, Gen'l Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

Prince Henry's kindly consideration for others is shown in an anecdote which Robley D. Evans relates in his article on "Prince Henry's American Impressions." When the royal guest and his suite left the *Hohenzollern* on his way to the city hall to receive the freedom of the city of New York, it was blowing a northeast gale, with rain and occasional snow. In order to make the trip as easy as possible, the prince was taken in a navy-yard tug down to the Battery. As the tug drew up to the landing, Prince Henry noticed the long line of carriages all closed, and the dripping multitude facing the northeast storm. Turning to Rear-Admiral Evans, he said: "Evans, please have the carriages opened. If the American people can stand in the rain to see me, I can surely sit in the rain to see them."

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The Mississippi Bubble, Emerson Hough, \$1.20; Dorothy South, Geo. C. Eggleston, \$1.20; A Damsel or Two, F. Frankfort Moore, \$1.20; Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, Charles Major, \$1.20; The Outlaws, Le Roy Armstrong, \$1.00; Margaret Tudor, Annie T. Colcock, \$1.00; The Kentons, W. D. Howells, \$1.20; The Battleground, Ellen Glasgow, \$1.20. Also a full line of standard and miscellaneous books.
JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street.

NO SYMPATHY THERE.—"I am going to marry your daughter, sir," said the positive young man to the father.

"Well, you don't need to come to me for sympathy," replied the father, "I have troubles of my own."—*Columbus, Ohio, State Journal.*

PLACES.
4 viz: { Fulton Market, 412-414-416 Elm Street.
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Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

SUMMER THEATRICALS.

The May Howard Extravaganza Company will be at Uhrig's Cave this summer. The Messrs. McNeary, who have done more than their share in presenting the various kinds of opera for many years in succession at the city's oldest amusement resort, believe that the public will welcome a change this summer, and extravaganza, with all it implies in the way of humor, beauty, music and raillery, is to be their venture. Their choice of May Howard offers the best there is in extravaganza. Miss Howard's Company is a permanent one, having been on tour, in all seasons, for some time, but for the St. Louis engagement it has been specially re-arranged and strengthened. Under the telegraphic directions of Messrs. McNeary, Miss Howard has assembled her company in New York and Mr. Frank McNeary will be in the metropolis several days before the company starts West in order to assure himself of its entire acceptability. As for Miss Howard, no regular theater patron needs to be told that she has no superior in American extravaganza. She is active in a department of theatricals to which she belongs by right of fitness and long application and not the least of her accomplishments is that she is, besides, an excellent business woman. Her company during its Uhrig's Cave engagement will consist of anywhere from sixteen to twenty principals and a large, handsome array of thirty or more beautiful, young and capable chorus women. There will be a large orchestra of local musicians and the general plan of every programme will call for two set pieces and anywhere from eight to a dozen up-to-date specialties. For the opening attraction, Saturday, May 31, the center-pieces are "Carmen Up To Date" and "Fifi Flambeau." Mr. Fred Solomon, the facile adapter, acknowledges both these efforts. A feature of the company is that by reason of its long association it is readily adaptable to the production of new extravaganzas and Uhrig's Cave patrons will therefore have the satisfaction of being brought abreast of all the latest things that happen to be "doing" as the season progresses. The programme will, it is thought, be divided into three equal parts, with brief intermissions, and the enjoyment of these "interruptions" will doubtless be heightened by the elegance of the appointments which the Messrs. McNeary have this year provided in the Uhrig's Cave parterre garden which has been entirely re-arranged, newly designed and supplied with everything in the way of floral and other decorations to make it truly a summer garden and not the usual array of red chairs and deal tables on tan-bark with probably a white-washed fence to proclaim the extra liberality of the management. The May Howard Company is booked at Uhrig's for the entire summer season, but its specialty features will be changed as often as the desire of the public and the management for the latest novelties in vaudeville shall dictate.

It did not only take a large outlay of money, but weeks of the personal attention and supervision of Messrs. Stuever and Hopkins, to put their big show place, Forest Park Highlands, in position to lead all other gardens in St. Louis and, for that matter, in a good many other cities beside the World's Fair City. The improvements are many and on a lavish scale. The biggest thing of all is the "Loop the Loop," the sensational centrifugal railway, where people stand on their heads the merest fraction of a section

and then come down the big wheel and up an incline of 50 feet before they know it. The "Loop the Loop" or "Flip Flap," as it is called, is now the leading amusement feature of all prominent seaside resorts. To keep right in line with these, Messrs. Stuever and Hopkins have brought this novelty right to the doors of their patrons. Immense new pavilions have been built with roof gardens overhead, where breezes are always felt to the best advantage. The seating capacity at the Highlands is nearly twice as great as formerly, and all under shelter, too, so that rain or shine may not interfere with the comfort of the patrons. The theatre now is one of the very prettiest in the country. The stage is enlarged and beautiful new scenery has been painted for it. The seating capacity is in excellent shape, and the principal attraction, the vaudeville features, are on the order of the very best in the market. The opening bill is a guarantee or earnest, that only high-class acts are booked this season by Colonel Hopkins. James J. Corbett is certainly the biggest card on the vaudeville boards to-day. He will do his inimitable monologue act, which was the New York sensation during the winter. The other features with Corbett are Hickey and Nelson, comedians, Pauline Moran and her pickanninies, Hayes and Healey, the circus man and the ringmaster, the Doherty Sisters, Willis and Hassan, in an astonishingly clever gymnastic act, and other first-class novelties. For the benefit of down-town patrons Col. Hopkins has arranged with the Chicago and Alton R. R. office to keep a seat chart there, where reserved seats can be had in advance.

Channing Ellery's Royal Italian Band continues at the Odeon, like Gen. Macbeth of old, to "win golden opinions from all sorts of people." All of Manager Ellery's claims of improvement of the band since its last sojourn in our midst have been repeatedly verified at the concerts given thus far and an added feature is that Mme. Barilli, the concert soprano, has continued in good voice. Her singing is a pleasing departure from the otherwise entirely instrumental scope of the programmes and the accompaniments for her solos are handled by Sig. Creatore with fine discernment. It is to the leader's credit that, so far, he has never descended to trivialities either in his regular programmes or the encore numbers. Even if he were disposed to do so, which is not likely, he would run counter to the fine, eclectic sense in music of Mr. Ellery, who differs from the ordinary brass band manager in being a scholar, a musician and a gentleman. If any other points of divergence of Mr. Ellery from his confreres were wanted they might be found in his being a thoroughly trained linguist. It is a pleasure, in the intermissions, to hear and see him converse with his men as if all his learning, like *Hamlet's* story of the mouse-trap, were "written in choice Italian." The added strength of the Royal Italians, in their brass section, is noticeable at every concert. The reeds might be a trifle softer and more flexible and this applies especially to the clarinets, which, at intervals, develop a somewhat strident tone. But there is no discounting the beautiful sonority of the bassoons, the French horns and the cornus Anglaises. And the trumpet, trombone and saxophone divisions are exemplary in their tonal elegance.

The Royal Italians will continue at the Odeon every evening until further notice, giving the usual Saturday and Sunday matinees. There is a complete change of programme at each concert.

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MUSIC.

FAG-END OF THE SEASON RECITALS.

Two recitals comprised the music of the week. The first, a pianoforte recital by Miss Clara Meyer, was given Thursday evening at the Odeon.

The programme was most substantial. It began with W. F. Bach and wound its way through solid courses of Scarlatti, Beethoven, Schumann, Tschaiikowsky, Chopin, Rubinstein and Brahms, ending with Liszt.

Serious and masculine as was its content, there was even less suggestion of lightness or feminine flippancy in the disposal of this intimidating musical menu. Miss Meyer is, decidedly, a pianist of the robust type; she takes her work seriously, and her honesty and sincerity of purpose is evidenced in her playing. Her technique is big, tremendous, and she plays with much intelligence; delicacy of touch, and more musical imagination are needed to give grace to her work. However, she was at all times interesting, generally satisfying and, sometimes—as in the Rubenstein "Etude"—electrifying. Miss Meyer is to be congratulated on her masterly performance of so taxing a programme—a programme far more worthy, musically and pianistically, than those presented here by Paderewski and Hofmann during the season. This splendidly equipped pianist, who suggests Adele Aus der Oae in playing and personality, should easily win for herself a distinguished position in her profession.

Miss Othelia Lang helped to make the evening pleasant by singing two numbers with the able assistance of Mrs. Luyties at the piano.

Miss Jeanette MacClanahan gave a recital Friday evening. It was a fashionable affair, and the charming soprano never appeared to better advantage. She sang two groups of songs, an aria from "Samson et Dalila," and, with Mrs. Buckner, a scene from "Aida." Miss MacClanahan was at her best in the songs, of which the arrangement of the Rubenstein "Romanze" and Lassen's "Summer Evening" were given with rare appreciation and purity and beauty of tone. Her voice is a remarkably clear, vibrant and sympathetic soprano of extraordinary compass, and everything she sings shows thought and careful study.

Mrs. Buckner, whose rich contralto should be heard oftener in concert work, sang, in addition to the "Aida" duet, two groups of songs. She sang with dramatic feeling and much finish.

Mr. Borsodi, a good violinist, who played on a splendid instrument, also assisted.

A novel feature of this musicale was the introduction of songs by local composers. Mrs. Rohland and the Messrs. Kroeger, Robyn and Vieh were represented, and in each case the composer played the accompaniment. There was no prize offered in this song-writers' contest, other than the audience's approval, and this was won by George Vieh, one of whose songs was insistently re-demanded.

Now that all Nature is clothed in her most gorgeous colors one's thoughts, turn to woodland strolls, by silvery brooks, where wild flowers grow, where the din of the noisy city is far removed. One of the most delightful pastimes then is to take "snapshots" of some of the more picturesque spots. A camera from Erker Bros. Optical Co. takes excellent pictures. Erker's is at six hundred and eight Olive street.

NEVER SAY DIET.

A VICTIM OF THE WATER-CURE AT WASSERBAD.

At Wasserbad, where Mr Laurance is ordered to undergo the cure, with the encouraging presence and supervision of his faithful spouse. In their bedroom in the Sulpherischer Hof, at 6 a. m., on the morning following their arrival.

MRS. LAURANCE (waking with a jump at the startling summons of an alarm attached to a cuckoo clock, which, with admirable forethought, she has placed above her pillow)—Morton, Morton, wake up! It is time for you to go and take your first glass of water.

MR. LAURANCE (with drowsy doggedness) Leave me alone, Martha, do. Can't you stop that beastly bird?

MRS. LAURANCE (cheerily)—Why, it is calling you to your duties. (Sings inspiringly.) "The lark now leaves her watery nest."

MR. LAURANCE (maddened by the singular strains with which his wife is supplementing the cuckoo's carol)—There, now, I hope you are satisfied. You have ruined my night's rest.

MRS. LAURANCE (unheeding him and throwing back the shutters of the windows with unnecessary violence)—What a glorious morning! It's a shame to be a sluggard. (Sings) "Oh, listen to the band" (as the music of an orchestra in the garden of the Kurhaus is wafted in through the windows.)

MR. LAURANCE (furious)—Shut that window! (Stung into action) There, I'll get up! (Which he proceeds to do.)

MRS. LAURANCE (triumphantly)—So, I've roused you, at last!

MR. LAURANCE—That devil's tattoo would have roused a mummy! My nerves won't stand that bird, or that band and you—I've come here for rest and quiet—I won't be—

MRS. LAURANCE (cutting him short)—Come, make haste and dress, or you'll lose your turn.

MR. LAURANCE (feebly)—My turn! Is thy servant a music-hall artist? (Plaintively.) Oh, Martha, let me begin this afternoon.

MRS. LAURANCE—Nonsense! the morning is the proper time to begin. (Sings) "Hail! smiling morn.—"

MR. LAURANCE—Oh! oh! oh! (Gnashing his teeth.) Martha where are my collars?

MRS. LAURANCE (who, unobserved by him, has been busy with the mysteries of her own toilet)—You won't want a collar; put your silk scarf round your neck. Now, if you are ready, I am.

MR. LAURANCE (aghast)—Good heavens! Martha, you don't mean to say you are coming, too?—and like that! (as she presents herself before him enveloped in a garment closely resembling a Roman toga, with a feather boa round her neck and her head wrapped in a black lace scarf.) You look like Medusa.

MRS. LAURANCE—Medusa or no Medusa, I'm going to accompany you to the springs. I know my duty, and I am resolved to see the doctor's instructions carried out to the letter. I am going to walk you up and down while you sip your water. (Sings, as she leads him forth to his doom) "Cheer, boys, cheer!"

II.

AT THE SPRINGS.

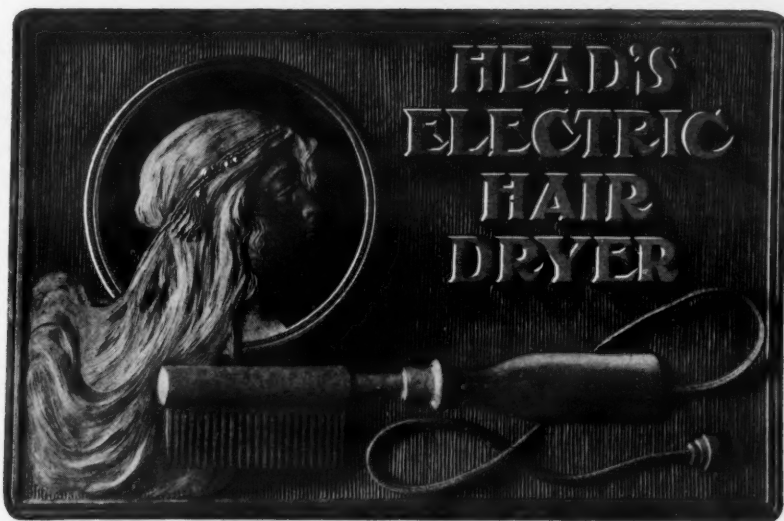
MRS. LAURANCE—Dear me, what a crowd! I knew we should be late! Tomorrow morning I shall get you up at half-past five. Now, Morton, do you understand

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what you have to do? You must go and ask one of those young women in that well for a glass of water. Now, don't lose your place—follow these people. Pardon, madam (as a stout Teuton pushes herself before MR. LAURANCE), my husband—mon mari était le premier. Ne poussez pas, s'il vous plait. See, Morton, there is a vacancy at the railing; slip in and get your tumbler. (To herself as he vanishes) Really, what that poor, dear man would do without me I can't imagine. What an odd-looking set of people! I hope I am dressed enough. Well, dear (as he appears, dolorously holding a tumbler of water in his left hand,) so you have managed to get it at last! Come and walk up and down the colonnade and begin to sip. What! you can't sip walking! Well, stand still a moment while you drink it. Now, down it goes! (Sings encouragingly to him, sotto voce) "Drink to me only with thine eyes." What's the matter? It's too hot? Then blow on it. Try it again. Oh, Morton, what a face! Beastly, is it? You didn't expect it would taste like benedictine, did you? Take a good gulp. Is that better! Why don't you speak? You've

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got it still in your mouth? Swallow it down directly, Morton. (MR. LAURANCE shakes an anguished head.) Nonsense; you must, I insist. Pray do not make a European exhibition of yourself. Now (resolutely) down it goes! One, two, three and away! (Sings softly) "Away, away to the what-is-it so gay—" That's right; now we'll take a gentle walk and another sip.

(They promenade up and down the colonnade to the music of the band, varying the walk with temporary stoppages for sips. After one of these enforced anchorages, MR. LAURANCE exhibits signs of distress.)

MRS. LAURANCE—Morton, what is it? You don't feel well? What! giddy? Well, finish the tumbler and we'll go back to breakfast. You couldn't eat anything? So bad as that? (MR. LAURANCE, on whom the sulphates are beginning to tell, catches her arm convulsively.) You'll be all right directly. Give me your glass; I will return it for you. You don't want me to leave you? I must, for a moment. You just sit quietly here, and I'll take the tumbler back. (Which she does, but when she returns MR. LAURANCE has disappeared.)

III.

AT THE MIDDAY TABLE D'HOTE.

MRS. LAURANCE (as they take their seats vis-a-vis at one of the little tables in the dining room of the hotel)—Well, Morton, I hope you have got up an appetite.

MR. LAURANCE (with a sickly smile)—Appetite! I feel as if I should never eat again.

MRS. LAURANCE—Nonsense, my dear, you'll soon find that you are very hungry. I've got a list in my bag of all the different things you are not to eat, and I shall insist on you following the doctor's orders. What have we here? (as the waiter plumps before each of them a soup plate of colored hot water with letters of the alphabet in white paste floating about) Potage, eh?

MR. LAURANCE (who feels that if there is anything he could swallow it would be a spoonful of soup)—I think I could manage a little of this.

MRS. LAURANCE (after consulting the dietary)—No, Morton, no! Soup is taboo. (To the waiter) Take it away; nicht gut pour monsieur (with a significant look in the direction of MR. LAURANCE.)

MR. LAURANCE (whose spirit is subdued by suffering)—Oh, Martha! I do think that would have done me good. I fancied it.

MRS. LAURANCE—I am not going to allow you to jeopardize your cure by any foolish fancies. (Consoling) It was not good at all. Ah! here is the fish! You may have any fish you like except—let me see (looking on her list)—except salmon. Why, I do believe this is salmon! (As two portions of trout are placed before them by the waiter, she asks, anxiously) Was ist das? salmon? saumon? (The waiter [shakes his Teutonic head dubiously.]) What is the German for salmon, Morton? You don't know! you who pretend to understand Wagner without a book! This must be a salmon, it is so pink. (With her mouth full) It is delicious. I'll eat your share. I won't have you poison yourself for any nonsense. You're faint? Here! (diving into her bag and producing a couple of rusks) eat these; I bought them at the baker's for you; they are especially for invalids. Try one.

MR. LAURANCE (sullenly)—I won't. You'll starve me to death, Martha, if you go on like this. I am really beginning to feel that I want food.

MRS. LAURANCE (in rallying tones)—Well, dear, we'll see what the next course is.

They ought not to have things you can't eat. Here comes the entree, I suppose. (As the waiter with pantomimic agility changes their plates) A salmi of bird; it smells very good. I wonder what it is and whether you may eat it. (To the imperturbable waiter) Is dat gut pour malades?

THE WAITER—Jawohl! Ganz gut!

MRS. LAURANCE (helping herself largely)—He says it is ganz. What is the English for ganz, Morton?

MR. LAURANCE (eager to vindicate his reputation as a German scholar)—Why, goose, to be sure. (Feels he has scored.)

MRS. LAURANCE (startled)—Goose? I do believe that is one of the things you are forbidden to touch. Let me see (referring to her schedule). It is. Nein! nein! nein! (to the bewildered waiter, who is proffering a dish to MR. LAURANCE.)

MR. LAURANCE (bitterly regretting his unfortunate translation)—Martha, I must have some.

MRS. LAURANCE (resolutely)—You shan't.

MR. LAURANCE (savagely)—I will, if I die for it.

MRS. LAURANCE (violently, to the waiter)—Go! Allez! allez! accompanied by a peremptory gesture of dismissal, of which the waiter avails himself.)

MR. LAURANCE (pulling himself together and glaring at her)—Martha, how long is this to last?

MRS. LAURANCE (braving it out)—How long is what to last?

MR. LAURANCE—This persecution—this torture. Why, I am actually hungry, and you refuse me food. You are a female Torquemada.

MRS. LAURANCE (with an angelic smile)—Call me whatever your good taste prompts you, Morton, I care not. I am simply doing my duty.

MR. LAURANCE (scathingly)—Which is to deny your husband the necessities of life. (Wildly) Good old Duty!

MRS. LAURANCE—Morton, I am ashamed of you, giving way like this the first day. Think of how many noble men and women have gone through it all before you without a murmur! Oh! if these springs could speak!

MR. LAURANCE (in a sudden spasm)—Martha, I think I am dying.

MRS. LAURANCE—Wait a moment, dear, and let us see what is coming. (The waiter appears, poised a plate on his fingers. To him eagerly) Was ist das?

THE WAITER (vauntingly)—Rosbif.

MRS. LAURANCE (jubilantly)—There, Morton, you may eat that. Never say die to me again!

MR. LAURANCE (seizing a plate)—And never say die again to me. Waiter, some sparkling Moselle.

MRS. LAURANCE—Morton, the cure!

MR. LAURANCE (audaciously)—Damn the cure!—Anthony Savelli, in Smart Set.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Mr. Chas. V. Tourney, comedian and vocalist, will be given a testimonial benefit Wednesday evening, May 21, at Coral Lodge Hall, Billon and Manchester avenues. As for the class of entertainment, Mr. Tourney, who has had charge of a number of local performances, takes pleasure in presenting the following popular players: King Baggott, Jos. J. Halley, Jas. H. Shortell, Hannah Bickle, Lillian Tourney, Maud Moore, Lizzie Stollberg and Edna Judlin. "The Obstinate Family" will be the offering. Mr. Baggott, as Henry Harwood; Chas. R. Crawford, the well-known black face comedian; the "18-Karat" boys, Robinson and Ferns, eccentric comedians; Felix Goerlich, the sweet singer; and Carson and Foster, Hebrew comedians, contribute the vaudeville. The musical portion of the programme is under the direction of Miss Edith Tourney, who will "do" a pleasing specialty.

When Delmar Garden throws open its gates to the public on Sunday, May 18, many new features and novelties will be presented. Among other innovations are a new scenic railway and an old mill wheel ride. On the scenic road there has been painted many interesting scenes, including the discovery of the Mississippi, by De Soto, Mount Holy Cross, Colorado, and Brooklyn Bridge, with views of New York City by electric light. In the aquarama or old mill wheel ride, a different idea has been featured. The aquarama is a waterway 1,600 feet in length, and is traversed by gondolas. In its many caverns, grottoes and tunnels are painted, in spectacular colors, a sugar plantation in operation, showing the old Colonial mansion, the cabins for the slaves and the cane fields and other scenes of like interest. The steeplechase will also be operated. The Midway presents a number of new attractions which include a royal Romany Gypsy camp, a dog and monkey theater, an "Art and Beauty Palace," "A Day in the Alps," a "Cabaret de la Mort" and the Streets of India. Band concerts by the Delmar Garden band will be given every afternoon at 2:30 and evening at 8:30, until June 1st, when the season of summer opera commences.

Despite the heat the "Bowery Burlesquers" are drawing large audiences, at the Standard, this week. The olio is up-to-date in every particular and the vaudeville turns are, with a few exceptions very pleasing. Al Reeves' Big Company will be the attraction next week.

GRAND CANYON ITEMS.

It is a fad to visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona, if the heavy tide of travel thither this season is any criterion. Several train loads of club women have arranged to see the Canyon en route to California, and miscellaneous visitors go in, daily, by dozens. The completion of a railroad to the rim at Bright Angel has made the trip an easy one. The building of the new Harvey hotel at the Canyon this summer will add greatly to the comfort of guests, although present accommodations are good. The Santa Fe's new book about the Grand Canyon will be ready in a few weeks, with illustrated articles by Powell, Lummis, Hamlin Garland, Joaquin Miller, Thomas Moran and other notables.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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THE FIRESIDE RANGER.

I've donned a cloak and leathern hose
And a feathered hat of felt,
A rapier keen at my side is seen,
And I've pistols in my belt;
I am ready for either open war
Or the sudden veiled attack;
And I laugh at the frowns of sullen clowns
Who menace behind my back.
For I'm off to the land of stern romance,
Where arrogant heroes ride,
With Weyman, Weyman, Stanley Weyman,
Weyman at my side.

I've donned a "frock" and a "chimney-pot,"
And gloves of faultless fit.
For I seek the haunts where fashion flaunts
And airs its grace and wit.
The fickle fair, who dally there
With swains of high degree,
But ope their lips and out there slips
A sparkling repartee.
Then it's O! for the glittering, gladsome
world
As we hail a passing fly,
Just Hawkins, Hawkins, Anthony Hawkins,
Anthony Hope and I.

I've donned "me Sabbath suit o' blacks"
And a plaid of sober hue,
That I may confer with the "Meenister,"
And the "Auld Licht" elders too.
I've learnt the sense of "ben" and "but,"
And have also learnt to love
Brave-hearted "Jess," whose tenderness
Was born of Heaven above.
And it's O! for the welcome lights of
Thrums,
Where tears and laughter blend,
With Barrie, Barrie, J. M. Barrie,
Barrie for guide and friend.

I've donned a Norfolk suit of gray
And a canvas helmet, too,
For I'm off to a land of burning sand
With "Captain Good" and crew.
We have chosen a long-named Zulu chief
To share our joys and woes,
And there isn't a tongue the tribes among
But one of the party knows.
Then it's hey! for the subterranean stream
And the queen of a thousand years,
With Haggard, Haggard, Rider Haggard,
To raise and quell our fears.

I've donned a somewhat motley garb
From cupboard, drawer and shelf,
Wherever stored—for I'm off on board
Of the "Ship That Found Herself."
I mean to land on India's strand,
And the sights of Simla see;
To crack a joke with the jungle folk,
To carouse with "Soldiers Three."
So it's O! for a cruise with vivid views
Of a bright imperial realm,
With Kipling, Kipling, Rudyard Kipling,
Kipling at the helm.

I've donned my "slacks" and a sailor cap
And a rare old pilot coat,
And early o'clock I'm off to a dock
Where "Many Cargoes" float.
My heart grows light at the welcome sight
Of the skipper's discontent,
As off we steer in an atmosphere
Of ambiguous compliment.
Then it's O! for the cook and cabin boy,
As away from the wharf we steal
With Jacobs, Jacobs, jocular Jacobs,
Jacobs at the wheel.

Again the garb of a gentleman,
For I go to join the throng
Of heroes fair and debonair,
Or silent, brave and strong.
Be it Africa's coast, or France, or Spain,
Or Russia's waste of snow,

With never a fear of a journey drear,
I gird myself and go.
Then it's O! for the womanly, high-souled
girl,
And the rogue who is underhand,
With Merriman, Merriman, H. S. Merri-
man,
Merriman in command. —Punch.

PARISIENNE'S TOILETS

What distinguishes the Parisienne from all other nations is the special attention she gives to what might be termed the accessories of her gowns. By these I mean *les dessous*, that is to say, her lingerie, her petticoats, her shoes and stockings, and, above all, her neckties, gloves, veils, écharpes, and ruffles. In fact, so important and integral a part are these details of the Parisienne's charms, that special pieces of furniture are sold in the Paris shops which are fashioned for the keeping of these dainties. Minute chests of drawers, the frames of which are made of light woods, are made of cardboard covered with fancy silk or cretonnes, and are adorned with ribbon handles, upon which are printed in gold lettering, "Gloves," "Veils," "Ruches," "Neckties," etc. The drawers are lined inside, as without, and beneath the lining, delicate perfumed sachets are placed, which lend a subtle and ever-persistent aroma to the dainty trifles confided to their care.

Of these, fancy neckties and scarves, as well as neck-ruffles and fichus, are more than ever popular this year. There being a decided tendency towards the Reynolds and Gainsborough gowns of last century, long broad scarves, or écharpes, as they are called here, will be greatly worn this summer. They will, in a measure, replace the long broad stoles of fur which were so much worn last winter. They are fashioned of black taffetas, of point d'esprit net, or of black mousseline de soie, and are edged all round with minute ruchings of chiffon or with narrow, black velvet or satin ribbon. They will be greatly worn with taffetas gowns and with the lighter muslins and linens which will appear later. The long ends in front reach almost to the lower edge of the skirt, and are more or less fantastically adorned with narrow ruching or ribbons. Sometimes the écharpe merges into a more important garment known as a mantalette. The back part of the garment is, in that case, cut round to simulate a capuchin hood. When these delicate fripperies have been folded away in perfumed drawers for some time they have an old-world air and perfume about them which is quite irresistible.

Notwithstanding these new devices, neck ruffles still hold their own, and, probably, deeming that mousseline de soie is rather played out, so far as these articles are concerned, the smarter couturiers are fashioning ruffles of bright chameleon taffetas, of point d'esprit net, or of plain black and white tulle.

For neckties, taffetas, louisine and foulard, as well as a new kind of etamine, are all popular. Neckties are more intricate than ever. When soft and broad they are adorned with innumerable quantities of lingerie tucks, alternating with hemstitching and embroideries. When narrower they are incrustated with motifs or medallions of lace. Black or dark-colored neckties are worn on light blouses, and light-colored cravattes upon dark blouses. With the flecked materials so much worn with tailor-made gowns, light or dark neckties are worn. Pale tur-

quoise blue, pale lilac or vivid crimson being favorite combinations with all mixtures of black and white material.

AN UNBUTTERED TOAST.

A man who had a big family of children, of whom he was immensely proud, bored his friends by telling the smart things his children did and said. His wife was just as bad as he was, and when he stopped for breath, she told the cute sayings of their children. One evening they gave a dinner party, and the entire conversation was

taken up by the host and hostess, who told one story after another about their smart children. Finally an old bachelor friend, who had suffered before from stories about the children, was asked to give a toast. He rose, and, holding up his wine glass, said: "Here's to King Herod." —*Atchison Globe.*

Our better half presented us with a baby girl this morning. Baby buggies, rattles, etc., taken on subscription.—*Castorville Texas Quill.*

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Judge & Dolph

Cut the Price

Amorilas Water to	17c
Ed Pinaud's Fine Perfumes,	52c oz.
All Odors.	
Mennen's Talcum Powder to	9c
and Henry Tetlow's	
Swansdown Face Powder to	9c

These prices mean brisk trading in the Perfume Department. But there will be none of that disagreeable "bargain counter rush" for you to contend with—competent clerks will give you the most courteous attention—it's done really to get you to visit St. Louis' greatest drug store—that you may see for yourself what a beautiful store we have and what opportunities are always offered everywhere in our store to buy the best of everything at Economical Prices.

We carry in stock and sell at low prices all the latest odors from these famous makers of Fine Perfumes:

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(Vee-o-Lay)
Palmer. Colgate. Hudnutt.

Ladies' Rubber Goods Department.

The arrangement of this department will commend itself to ladies—it is an entirely separate perfectly appointed room and an experienced nurse is always on duty—Her advice is often of much value in the selection of goods—and the price you will be asked to pay is less than even inferior goods are sold for elsewhere.

A Mint Julep Phosphate.

This is the latest novelty in refreshments that our Mr. Durey has set forth—Just drop in to 515 Olive St., and try something from this new fountain. (The handsomest one in America)—there's a deliciousness about every drink which is served here, from the simplest to the most elaborate—which is hard to define but very easy to taste.

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Bath Sponges

From 20c up.

Bath Mitts

23c pair.

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Between Barr's Corner and Scruggs' Olive St. Entrance.

PULL-ITICIANS.

BY SPEED MOSBY.

Between the politician and the pull-itarian there is a clear-cut and broad distinction. There is no necessary evil inhering in the trade of a politician. In the original and proper sense of the term a politician is one who studies politics, or the science of government, both practically and in theory. He is a valuable man to the world. There is nothing dishonest about his profession. On the contrary, it is a glorious work, fraught with immeasurable benefit to mankind. Jefferson and Solon, Lycurgus and Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln and Henry George all were politicians. The American Constitution was built by politicians; by men who made an honest study of government and devoted the best efforts of their lives to their work—and the world needs more of them now. There have always been too few politicians.

But of pull-itiarians there are always enough and to spare. In many cases the men who are called politicians are not politicians at all. They are pull-itiarians. They have brought the noble science of politics into disrepute. The average so-called politician is not at all the thing he pretends or purports to be. He is something entirely different and vastly worse.

He is of a numerous tribe, is the pull-itarian, and his family is ancient. His field is as wide as the world, and his tale as old as human story. In the parable of the good Samaritan, he was the man who passed by on the other side. When the Crucifixion question was up, he made a speech before a caucus of the Sanhedrim, and his leprous hand was in the bloody deed of Calvary. He was in for the death of Socrates and has stifled many a good man since. He turned the democracies of Greece into debasing tyrannies and established an empire on the ruins of the Roman republic.

Wherever there is a political pull you will find the pull-itarian. He congregates about the festering pustules of political patronage, worming and working his polluting way like a human maggot. When *Hamlet* said there was something rotten in the state of Denmark, he alluded to the work of the pull-itarian. Shakespeare spoke of him again in "King Lear:"

"Get thee glass eyes;
And like a scurvy politician seem
To see the things thou dost not see."

The pull-itarian is an enthusiastic partisan, but he belongs to no political party. He says he does, but he doesn't. He knows no political convictions. It does not always pay, he thinks, to have convictions, and so, like Pilate, he washes his hands of the matter. He has no beliefs. It is easier to pretend than to believe, because it is then so much easier to change, and there are dollars to be made by the change—sometimes. He is an infidel, Pharisee and unctuous hypocrite. He prates of principles he can never know, and professes truths he can never feel. He may vote a Democratic ticket, or some other ticket; may hold office as a Republican, or as something else—but he is never the something he pretends to be, for he belongs alone to the party of Self, his soul is unalterably fixed upon boodle and pelf, and the deepest homage of his heart is offered up to the monthly pay-roll.

Strike him down and he is as submissive as a whining cur, and he will kneel to you with the most tearful protestations of good faith and brotherly love and tenderness.

Don't believe him. Put him in a place of absolute power, and you will soon learn that the cur can snarl as well as whine, and he will show his white teeth, like *Carker*, in a smile that would shame the cunning of hell, and you may chance to hear him say something like these words of Wm. M. Tweed:

"As long as I count the votes, what are you going to do about it? Say."

This is the pull-itarian as we see him and know him to be. He is the same old smiling, pap-sucking vampire to-day that he was in the days of Herod, or Pilate, or Louis XIV, or George III., the same old smiling *Carker*—with his soul in ashes—forever and everywhere the same, whether slaying babes in Bethlehem, or impaling the bodies of men upon the cruel barbs of tyranny. But always and everywhere he is, though he knows it not, sowing the seeds of revolt, planting the germs of revolution, exposing himself and the world to those terrible retributions which have time and again been visited upon mankind because of the pull-itarian's work.

And the worst of it all is that he is such a plausible fellow that he is hard to detect. For, as Milton says:

"* * * Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone."

But there is a way to catch the pull-itarian, a way to down him and oust him, and there is but one way. It can only be done by the whole people, and to do it they must bring the Government closer to themselves. They must study the science of government, and be prepared to call any public servant to an immediate account for his public acts. They should endure no public official or party leader who swerves by so much as a hair's breadth from righteous principles. To do this the people must themselves be informed upon the subject of government. They must know what they want before they can expect to get it. They must understand governmental principles before they can know a good government from a bad one, and until they know this they can never tell a politician from a pull-itarian. When the people be-

come true to themselves they may expect their public men to be true to the people. Then will the pull-itarian find his occupation gone, for he must either be reformed with the government or be left forlorn without it, with nothing to assuage his loneliness but

"A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn."

—Jefferson City Tribune.

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND THE SUMMER VACATION?

is the question that is uppermost in the minds of many people just at present. Why not in Colorado or Utah, where you can enjoy a delightful scenery and invigorating climate? Very low round trip rates will be made in June, July and August. The elegant service of the Union Pacific, the Overland Route, provides every comfort and convenience.

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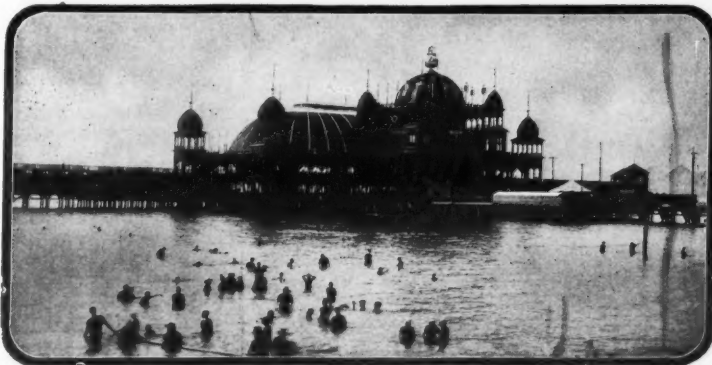
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is the most beautiful in America. Tickets to that point are good either via the main line through the Royal Gorge, Leadville Canon of the Grand River and Glenwood Springs, or via the line over Marshall Pass and through the Black Canon—thus enabling the tourist to use one route going and the other returning. Another noted trip is the tour "Around the Circle," 1,000 miles, which includes more scenic attractions than any similar trip in the world, passing the following famous points: La Veta Pass, Toltec Gorge, Mancos (Cliff Dwellings), Dolores Canon, Las Animas Canon, Ouray, Black Canon, Marshall Pass and the Royal Gorge.

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If you contemplate a trip, write for free illustrated pamphlets.

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Printed on hand-made paper, bound in vellum boards, in a slide case.

PRICE, \$1.25

Published by WILLIAM MARION REEDY,
The Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.

STORY OF A STRIKE.

The dramatic incident of the day occurred near Central wharf. One of the Brine four-horse drays came along Atlantic avenue on the morning trip. It was just in the midst of the excitement and a jam of teams filled the street. Following the team and lined about the street were fully 1,500 people. Near Central wharf the driver got into a serious jam—truck after truck blocked the way, team after team turned in front of him, cut off his horses and he was helpless.

With shouts and yells the mob surrounded him. His police patrol was not sufficient to keep them off. The driver loosened his hold on the reins and waited. Suddenly one venturesome youth leaped on the truck and with one swoop tore the driver's coat up the back. This was a signal. Stones, mud, and ice began to fly through the air. Ten and fifteen deep around the team, the mob hissed and swore at the driver, calling him every name that could arise to the tongue;

"Why don't you be a man?"
"Shame on you."

"The driver dropped his reins. He got up from the seat and looked at the sea of faces around him.

"Why don't I join the union?" he yelled. "I'll tell you why not," his voice rang out fiercely. "I'll tell you why not." By God, this is the first job I've had for four months."

Howls of derision broke from the mob. "I've got to work, d—you."

"I've got a wife in the hospital. She's dying. I've got two babies at home. How am I going to feed them? Good God, do you want them to starve? I've tramped Boston over for a job, and now I've got it, and by God I'm going to keep it."

As he spoke the tears formed a stain down the side of his cheeks.

Smash—a slushball flattened against his cheek and trickled down his face. That was the crowd's answer to his appeal.

Some one unhitched the traces.

Then the police, re-enforced, made a wild rush on the mob and beat them back. Silently the driver climbed down, fastened the traces, and with policemen in front and rear, he made his way to the wharf.—*Boston Post.*

ELECTRIC LIGHTED EQUIPMENT.

The new equipment recently put on by the Union Pacific Railroad, for use on their Overland Limited trains, is lighted throughout with electricity, supplied by a special dynamo car attached to train.

Telephone service is another novel service of this train. Sixteen hours the quickest time to San Francisco.

Address, J. H. Lothrop, General Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

IN ENGLISH A.—*Freshleigh*: Is it ever correct to say 'this 'ere'?"

Mr. Soaplind (firmly): "Never."

Freshleigh: "Nor 'that air'?"

Mr. Soaplind: (wearily): "Never—never."

Freshleigh: "Then if I have a cold, I mustn't say 'Please close the window, as that air blows in this ear.'" [*Soaplind marks Freshleigh's last theme F—minus.*]

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Bishop Kelly, of Savannah, has, in a very boyish, undignified and vulgar fashion attacked the President of the United States. We feel sorry for this outburst of Episcopal ill-manners.—*Western Watchman.*

Press Opinions

About

The Imitator.



AS to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal.*

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a biting clever one. And against the background of manikins, dudes, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American.*

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News.*

PRICE \$1.25.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Publisher,

The "Mirror," Ozark Building

SAINT LOUIS MO.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The Chicago crowd of gamblers is still very active in the New York market. Its brokers are being closely watched. The impression prevails, in well-informed quarters, that an attempt is being made to unload a bunch of inflated stocks. Late developments were not quite reassuring to the bull contingent. While manipulation is as clever as ever, and while confidence is still being expressed that Morgan will prevent a sudden collapse, it cannot be said that there is any robust bull spirit. Enthusiasm is sadly wanting. Bulls seem to be afraid of their own shadows. Their optimistic expressions remind one of that smart boy who whistled while walking through a grave-yard at night. With such a state of feeling prevailing, even in higher Wall street circles, it would not take much to knock the bottom out of the whole thing. That the desire to liquidate is growing cannot be denied by any clear-visioned observer. Those cliques who are still in favor of higher prices are compelled to work on the bull side by force of circumstances. They are overloaded and looking for a chance to pull out with as little loss as possible. It is very seldom that one runs across a wild-eyed bull these days who is holding or buying stocks for big profits.

The beautiful days of Aranjuez are, unquestionably, behind us. Hereafter it will be a fitful, uncertain market of specialties. Some stocks will go up, and others down, in accordance with changing conditions. It will be more difficult to keep ahead of the game, and less remunerative. The successful man will be he who can select the right kind of stocks. As success is generally not to be found among the public, it may readily be understood that the professionals will be more in evidence than ever as the weeks pass. Under such circumstances, there is no inducement to enter stock speculation at this time, and with so many threatening and uncertain factors ahead of us. It is a market for gamblers at present; there are very few stocks that may be regarded as attractive propositions at prevailing quotations.

The papers are now full of reports that Morgan and Gates are getting to be rather chummy. Stock-jobbing, like politics, makes strange bed-fellows. If Morgan consults Gates, and takes him into his plans, the thought will promptly suggest itself that things are not what they used to be, and that Morgan recognizes that the time has come for calling all hands on deck. It would not do to indulge in a fratricidal strife, when the money market is on the ragged edge; when everybody is anxious to unload; when Europeans are pulling for gold and selling our stocks, and when strike and crop apprehensions are growing apace. It may be, of course, that Morgan and Gates and the rest of the big fellows, will make desperate efforts to prolong artificial strength in the market, and to baffle all efforts of bearish operators. They have met with marked success in the past six months, and they will use all the means at their command to keep their lines intact. But they will be unable to secure a large following among the public, and without the public, all their manipulation will do little good. The outsiders have been warned; their suspicions have been aroused by the late antics in Webb-Meyer-Hoadley stocks. If a stock like St. Lawrence & Adirondack can drop 86 points, on the sale of 100 shares, without stimulating any demand, one may be justified in growing skeptical about the

whole thing, and in asking: "How many more stocks are there on the list that have been inflated beyond all reason and precedent?" There will be lively times, when some of the cliques are compelled to let go. And the day of reckoning is approaching; as things look at this writing, it cannot be far off.

Money rose to 20 per cent, the other day, and banks were forced to call in some of their loans in order to protect their reserves. There is not a particle of doubt that many New York banks are now holding less than the legal limit of surplus reserves. The whole situation has become so confused and disquieting that the New York clearing-house has found itself compelled to pass resolutions requiring trust companies to keep proper reserves on hand against their distended loan accounts. Recent stock-jobbing movements found their origin in the complaisance of trust companies, connected with leading brokerage houses and it is intimated that some financial institutions were badly hurt by the collapse of International Power, Rutland, Adirondack, Dominion and Meadows shares. The last named, the intrinsic value of which is entirely metaphysical, sold at about 125, and there were some well known bankers willing to accept the stuff as collateral at 80, or thereabouts. Now, how anybody can buy such rot at 125, or lend money on it at 80, passes comprehension. Bankers capable of such hair-brained acts should be committed to an asylum for idiots and weak-minded. It is undoubtedly owing to these developments and disquieting conjectures about the extent of prevailing rottenness and wild-cat financiering, that the more conservative Associated Banks passed the resolutions above referred to. If something serious were to happen at this time, and interior banks calling in their loans and withdrawing deposits, as they did in 1893, there would be one suspension after the other in the Wall street financial district. The clearing-house acted none too soon; but it would have been better if they had called a halt months ago. Such happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care financiering is not calculated to inspire respect or confidence.

Louisville & Nashville and Monon are still running up and down in a most lively fashion. Morgan, they say, is now in control of the Monon. They said the same thing a year ago. It is, therefore, to be presumed that Morgan bought control at the time the property was reorganized, kept it till about ten months ago, and then lost or surrendered control to somebody else. Gates came sauntering along afterwards, jingling the dollars of our daddies in his capacious pockets, and, being in a happy frame of mind, proceeded to secure control of the Monon. After holding control for three or four days, Gates thought that possibly Morgan might be willing to buy his old road again, after a rise of thirty dollars per share, and, sure enough, he was willing. And so Gates sold and Morgan bought again, and it is now claimed that Morgan will amalgamate the Monon with the Louisville & Nashville. Let us hope that he will do this, and give us a rest. The two roads have been amalgamated several times in the past two years.

Gates and Gould are reputed to be anxious to buy the Chicago Great Western. The Goulds, they claim, desire to have connection with St. Paul and Duluth, and have purchased a large amount of stock in the last few weeks. If Gates bought likewise,

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WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on
Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable
in all parts of the world.

he will probably sell to Gould or Morgan or somebody else again before long. If any of the big railroad-men have nightmares nowadays, Gates ought to be a conspicuous figure therein.

Sterling exchange is a trifle lower, owing to the rise in interest rates. There will be a quick rebound, however, as soon as New York banks are in a more comfortable position. Gold exports are still to be counted with, and will be resumed sooner or later. There is hardly any other way of relief but liquidation in the stock market. The surplus reserves are down to less than

\$4,000,000 again, and the loan account is out of all proportion.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The bulls succeeded in lifting prices all around in the past week. Trust Company, Bank, Transit and lighting issues rose together. Transactions showed a decided increase, and brokers reported quite a demand from speculators who had not been in the market for months past. It seems that the postponement of the Fair had something to do with the bull fit. People had to buy

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coups.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102½-103	
Park 6	A. O. April 1, 1905	109-110	
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O. April 10, 1906	110-111	
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	102½-103½	
" 4	A. O. April 10, 1908	104-105½	
" 4	J. D. Dec. 1, 1909	102½-103	
" 4	J. J. July 1, 1918	111-112	
" 4	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104-105	
" 4	M. S. June 2, 1920	104-106	
" St'r'g. 100	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107-108	
" (Gld) 4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½	
" 4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110	
" 4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109-110	
" 3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104-105	
" 3½	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103	

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A. Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A. Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D. June, 1920	104-106
" 4s 10-20	A. O. April 1, 1914	104-106
" 4s 10-20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4s 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4s 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105-105
" 4s 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4s 10-20	J. D. July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4s 10-20	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J. July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	100-100
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101½
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	108-108½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	116-116½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115-116
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	91-93½
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-100
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	93½-94
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-103
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	102-104
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	3:0-311
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	222-223
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902 6 SA	325-350
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	292-293
Fourth National	100	May '02, 5p.c. SA	319-320
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	190-200
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	330-340
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775-825
International	100	Mar. 1902, 1½ qy	170-180
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1902, 4p.c. SA	185-200
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Jan. 1902, 4 qy	275-277
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar. 1901, 1½ qy	288-290
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar. 1902, 2½ qy	387-389
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	128-130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Mar. 1902, 8 SA	140-150
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901 8 SA	212-214
Third National	100	Mar. 1902, 1½ qy	286-287

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		186-188
Colonial	100		224-226
Lincoln	100	Mar. '02, 2 qy	269-270
Miss. Va.	100	Mar. '02, 2½ qy	451-452
St. Louis Union	100	Consolidated	383-388
Title Trust	100	Mar. '02, 1½ qy	125-126
Mercantile	100	Apr. '02, 1 Mo.	425-426
Missouri Trust	100		123-124
Ger. Trust Co.	100		212-212½

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Jefferson Ave.		
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 106-107
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
People's		
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
St. L. & H. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100-100
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103-107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 101-101½
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102½-103
St. L. & Sub.		
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Cable & W.L. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 112½-112½
do Incomes 5s		
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
do 2d 20s 6s		
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
U. D. 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 120½-121
United Ry's Pfd.	Apr. 1921	84½-84½
4 p.c. 50s	J & J	88-88½
St. Louis Transit		31½-31½

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	Jan. 1902, 4 p.c.	252-256

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. & Dry Co.	100	Jan. 1902 ½	28-29
" " Pfd	100	Jan. 1902, 1½ qy	91-92
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150-155
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '06, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1902, ½ MO	128-130
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	19-19½
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1902, ½ MO	128-135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		255-265
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	93-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '09, 1	48-52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3½	116-120
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar. 1902 2 p.c.	88-89
Laclede Gas, pl.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2½	108-109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		40-43
Mo. Edison com.	100		17-17½
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '12 1½ qy	100-101
Schults Belting	100	Jan. '02, 2 p.c.	97-100
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar. 1902, 6 A	160-168
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1902, 3½ SA	150-154
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901 4 SA	110-114
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Mar. 1902 1½ qy	18-19
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan. '00, 2 p.c.	46-48
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan. '99 4 p.c.	41-42
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '04, 4	45-52½
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb. 1902, 1 qy	72-75½
Union Dairy	100	Nov. '01, 2 qy	135-135½
Wiggins Fer. Co	100	Apr. '12, 2 qy	600-610
Westhaus Brake	50	Mar. 1901, 7½	160-200
" Coupler	100		50-51

something, no matter what. Yet it is hard to understand why stocks that yield about 2 to 2½ per cent on the investment should go up \$10 every day. We have some very good bank and trust company stocks, unquestionably, but they are all selling at pretty stiff figures.

Bank of Commerce is climbing up to 400, and Third National is still strong at 285. Both stocks have been in active demand for some days. There were also rumors of a consolidation of some kind or other, in which the Continental National was said to be involved. The officials issue strenuous denials, however. When stocks go up, something or somebody has to consolidate. If there is no consolidation, there should be one. American Exchange, Boatmen's and State National are expected to go considerably higher. Jefferson and South Side are also said to be in quiet demand.

Transit seems to be at a standstill. It is still selling at 31, while United preferred is steady at 84. Insiders are again predicting an advance.

There was a sudden revival of interest in Missouri-Edison, both preferred and common rising several points. The advance seems to have been sentimental, but we will soon hear of the twenty-fifth consolidation with the Laclede. There are many people in this city and elsewhere who would gladly see a good rise in Missouri-Edison issues, so as to be able to unload stock bought at 30 and 70 respectively some years ago.

Banks report a large business. Interest rates are maintained at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling is lower and easy at 4.87½.

جی پی بی

President E. J. Buffington, of the Illinois Steel Company, declares that the day of petty economies has passed. "A man advertises for an office-boy," he says. "His choice finally rests between two bright youngsters, and as the supreme test he asks that they open some packages lying on a table. This is easy for Charlie. Charlie takes up a package, unties four hard knots, unwinds the string, rolls it up around his fingers, ties it into a loop, and lays the string in a safe place. Then, unwrapping the package, he folds the paper up neatly and lays it on a shelf. By that time Willie, with his pocket-knife, has slashed the strings on seven packages, ripped the paper off, and piled the whole mass of rubbish in the waste-basket. Forty years ago, of course, Charlie would have got the job; now, however, Willie is business manager for the house. Small economies must be scientific economies. The days of saving wrapping-twine are gone."

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"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said a prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower-bed."

"Think so?" replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding flower-beds?"—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

ROOSEVELT'S DIPLOMACY.

BY WALTER WELLMAN.

Although it is not true that President Roosevelt intimated to the French government that decoration of General Miles with the cross of the Legion of Honor would be distasteful to this government, it is said at the French embassy that no such honors are likely to be paid General Miles by the French government. The cautious inquiries which Ambassador Cambon has been making, and which led to the now thoroughly discredited story, were more as to whether there was truth in the newspaper stories of friction between the President and the Lieutenant General than as to whether or not the President approved of the proposed decoration of that officer. As President Roosevelt is not in the habit of dissembling or of disguising the truth, it is considered quite probable he did permit Ambassador Cambon to understand that the relations between the commander in chief and the nominal head of the army were strained. The question of the proposed decoration was not brought forward or referred to in any way. But for M. Cambon's purposes it was enough to learn that the relations were of an unpleasant sort.

The only object of the bestowal of such marks of distinction is to cultivate friendly relations between the two countries, and there is no better settled rule than that in selecting the individual recipients of these honors all internal controversies and political questions are to be avoided. Thus it is literally true that President Roosevelt gave no such intimation as was reported and that General Miles is not to have the cross of the Legion of Honor conferred upon him. This is not due to any objections, expressed or implied, on the part of the American government or any member thereof, but because the French ambassador has learned, what everyone in Washington has long known, that General Miles' relations with his commander in chief, the President of the United States, are not cordial and comfortable.

Our friends of the French embassy have been in a somewhat amusing state of excitement for a week or two. They have been much agitated over the forthcoming visit to the United States of a delegation of twenty eminent Frenchmen, representatives of the republic, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue. The ambassador, M. Cambon, and his staff, have permitted themselves to look upon this French visitation as in the nature of a rivalry to the recent tour of Prince Henry of Prussia. They have been particularly anxious that the welcome extended to their distinguished countrymen shall not suffer in contrast with that given their neighbors from beyond the Rhine.

It was at the urgent, almost tearful, suggestion of the French ambassador that the appropriation for entertainment of the Rochambeau compatriots was increased from

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

Capital, \$3,000,000.

Surplus and Profits, \$4,300,000.

Savings Deposits of One Dollar and upwards to any number of Dollars will be received, for which pass book will be issued. Interest credited on the first days of June and December.

This department is open for the convenience of Depositors on Monday evenings from 5:00 to 7:30 p. m.

Printed copy of regulations furnished on application, also blanks for sending deposits by mail.

\$10,000 to \$20,000. Forty thousand dollars was the size of the appropriation for the Prince Henry affair, they pointed out, and \$10,000 for the representatives of the French Republic appeared very small in their eyes. Although the available funds for the German holiday were twice the sum to be devoted to giving a good time to our French visitors, it is said that only about \$25,000 of it was actually expended, most of that going for the special train which carried the royal party through the country.

The fame of the United States as an entertainer of royal visitors appears to have spread throughout the world. Since Prince Henry of Prussia made his tour of the Western Republic, intimations have been received at the State Department, through diplomatic channels, from eight or ten of the world's minor rulers, that an invitation to pay a visit to the United States would be cordially received and promptly responded to. It is presumed that the crowned heads of the second and third rate nations have heard much of the princely hospitality of the Yankees, of the great dinners, the special trains, the terrapin, oysters and canvasbacks, and the royal mouths have thus been made to thirst for a chance at this western menu of good things. It is sad but true that the State Department has not encouraged these royal aspirations. Entertaining royalty costs not money alone—and no one cares for that part of it—but no end of trouble and anxiety, and our officials want as little of it as possible.

One of the newspaper admirers of President Roosevelt—and most active newspaper men do have a sincere admiration for him—in summing up recently the clever things Mr. Roosevelt has done since fate called him to the White House, instances as among the cleverest his adroit procurement of the presence on our soil of the brother of the Kaiser. That was set forth as a notably shrewd and successful performance in the realm of spectacularism and international good feeling. But the cold, cruel fact is that the Prince Henry business, from first to last, royal yacht and all, was schemed out in the fertile brain of William II. President Roosevelt had just as much to do with it as you have when your kinsman writes that he is going to pay a visit if it would be agreeable to you, and upon your polite acquiescence brings himself and his family and puts up with you for a most enjoyable fortnight.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

LOW ROUND TRIP RATES TO WESTERN POINTS.

During the summer months the Union Pacific R. R. will make very low round trip rates from Kansas City, St. Louis, Memphis and other points to Colorado, Utah, California, and the Pacific Northwest. For rates and other information address J. H. Lothrop, General Agent, St. Louis.

TULLEDEGA.

The Indian Territory, with its marvelous future; with its half million population; with its happy firesides in camps by the roadside; in cabins in lonely clearings; in stately homes in the busy towns and cities—the Indian Territory, with its sky-bound prairies, undulating like seas; with its picturesque mountains, keeping watch over broad valleys like purple shadows; with its many far-born rivers, threading alluvial lands in a tangle of silver and gold, deserves a name that will voice its beauty and grandeur—such a name as Tulledega.—*Indian Journal.*

The Mirror

Magazines at About Half Prices.

All Subscriptions, excepting the *Mirror*, must be new.

The *MIRROR* and your choice of any of the following dollar magazines: **\$2.50**
 Woman's Home Companion, Cosmopolitan, Ledger Monthly or Pilgrim, for
 The *MIRROR* and any two of the above, \$3.00. The magazines will be sent to one or different addresses.

OTHER ATTRACTIVE OFFERS:

MIRROR.....	2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
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Success.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Household.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75
Success.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$3.75
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Arena or Mind.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$3.90
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$8.50	\$4.85
Mind.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Pearson's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.60
Bookman.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.10
Critic.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.60
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Pearson's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.85
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.35
Arena.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Popular Science.....	1.50	Price,	Price,
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.50	\$3.40
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.35
Table Talk.....	1.00		
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Bookman.....	2.50	\$7.50	\$5.90
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Country Life.....	3.00	\$9.00	\$5.00
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Arena.....	2.50	\$10.50	\$7.85
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Success.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.80
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		
Pearson's.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.00	\$5.50
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.00	\$10.50	\$7.35
Bookman.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Critic.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Truth.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Arena.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Critic.....	2.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Etude.....	1.50	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$6.00	\$4.00
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Country Gentleman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
Donahoe's Magazine.....	2.00	\$8.50	\$5.30
Bookman.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Success.....	1.00	\$8.50	\$5.25
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		
Bookman.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Success.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	\$7.50	\$4.50
Frank Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00		
The Designer.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Current Literature.....	3.00	\$13.50	\$6.50
Success.....	1.00		
North American Review.....	5.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Current Literature.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.50
Success.....	1.00		
Household.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Literary Digest.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Harper's Bazar.....	1.00	\$11.00	\$6.50
Everybody's Magazine.....	1.00		
Harper's Weekly.....	4.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Bookman.....	2.00	\$8.00	\$6.60
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
World's Work.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Everybody's Magazine.....	1.00	\$12.00	\$6.00
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CRAWFORD'S

We Give and Guarantee You the Best the Market Affords, and We Sell these Superior Goods
at Lower Prices than All Others.

Linens.

All those who visited our Linen Department during the past week know what splendid values were to be had. The same alluring prices will continue this week.

- 10 pieces half-bleached Table Damask, 56 inches wide, extra weight, and a good 40c value; this week a leader at, per yard.....29c
- 20 pieces 66-inch full bleached all-linen Damask, floral designs; the kind usually sold at 65c; this week, per yard.....49c
- 300 dozen extra heavy Huck Towels, size 22x43 inches; the regular 25c size; this week they go at, each.....15c
- 15 pieces extra heavy, all-linen, Irish half-bleached Damask, 72 inches wide; would be a bargain at 85c; while it lasts you can have it at, per yard.....69c
- 18-inch red and blue check glass toweling, actually worth 7½c yard; for this week, a yard.....5c
- 2 bales extra weight Turkish Bath Towels, bleached or unbleached; size 14x27 inches; usually sold at 8½c; our price, each.....5c

A Few Choice Plums in Fine Summer Wash Fabrics

- Fine Dimities, Batiste, fine Corded Cambric Lawns, all neat designs, fast colors, regular 15c and 20c quality.....10c
- Lace-Striped Batiste, all shades, worth 25c, only.....15c
- Woven-Stripe Embroidered Scotch Lawns, all new shades and designs, only.....25c
- Silk Mousseline de Soie, in plain colors, including black; a beautiful fabric; will wash, regular 39c quality—Sale Price.....25c
- Silk-Striped Etamine, a new, imported, very swell fabric for dresses and waists, regular 85c quality.....49c

Carpets and Rugs.

- 9x12 Tapestry Brussels Rugs, that would ordinarily sell for \$1.50, will be.....\$10 00
- 9x12 best grade Brussels Rugs, that are worth at least \$18 00, will be.....\$12.50
- And best of all, a lot of fine 9x12 Wilton Velvet Rugs, that are easily worth \$25.00, will be just.....\$15.00
- Special—Just 6 patterns of high-grade Wilton Velvet Carpets, all nice patterns and with borders to match, that were never sold under \$1 25 a yard—we are in dead earnest to get rid of them quick!!—will be.....82½c

BUTTERICK PATTERNS
for June now in.

PIANOS.

If you did not get in on our extraordinary piano offer you should not miss it now. You may not get such another chance in 10 years. These pianos are all high grade. Piano dealers never dream of selling them for less than \$350.00 to \$500.00. We guarantee them for 5 years, because we know what they are. The interior construction is of the best and the tone quality is simply unsurpassed, but a slight chip here or a scratch there on the cases has made it imperative that we should sell them at a sacrifice, and a great sacrifice you will find them—think of getting absolutely new and handsome pianos for

\$147.00, \$169.00, \$185.00 and \$200.00,

backed by our **PERSONAL GUARANTEE OF 35 YEARS' STANDING!** Nothing mushroom about us. We do not skin you on a deal to-day and be gone to-morrow. See us before buying a piano. We sell them for cash or \$6.00, \$8.00 or \$10.00 monthly payments.

GOOD TRUNKS

—AT—

Cheap Trunk Prices.

- Canvas Trunks, fiber bound, brass trimmed, heavy clasp. This is a first-class trunk in every way—worth \$5 50—while the lot lasts.....\$3.75
- Canvas Trunks, fiber bound, heavy brass corners, 34 inches. with straps. This trunk is worth all of \$7.50—Special.....\$4 98

SUIT CASES

At Your Own Prices.

- Suit Cases, with patent lock and catches, worth \$2 00—Big special.....\$1 75
- One lot of fine Leather Suit Cases never before sold under \$4 50 (number limited) while they last.....\$2 98
- Leather Suit Cases in chocolate and russet colors—these are the best values ever been sold in high-grade goods, worth \$6 75—For.....\$4 98
- A full line of Canvas Telescope and Suit Cases from 35c up.

AWNINGS.

- Window Awnings, best grade blue ticking, extends from 3 to 5 feet.....\$2.95

LAWN MOWERS.

- Self-Sharpener, warranted.....\$2.19

You Never Saw Such a Stock of LACE CURTAINS

Under one roof before. Joe must have been hypnotized last time he was East. He often gets in that fix when away from his wife. Over-buying is the rock on which Joe splits. We have a few more, unfortunately, like him.

1,000 pair Scotch Lace Curtains, manufacturer's seconds, bought direct from one of the largest curtain mills in America. We have made into 3 lots.

- Lot No. 1—Regular value, \$1 10 to \$1.65, at (pair).....75c
- Lot No. 2—Regular value, \$1 75 to \$2 00, at (pair).....95c
- Lot No. 3—Regular value, \$2 00 to \$2 75, at (pair).....\$1.25
- Ruffled Scrim Curtains; our 85c kind, this week at (pair).....50c
- Lace Bed Sets, Shams to match; our \$2 00 kind; this week (set).....\$1.35
- Tapestry Portieres; fringe top and bottom; were \$1.75; this week (pair).....\$1 25
- Rope Portieres for full size doors; were \$2.00; now.....\$1 25
- 3-panel Fire Screens; 5 feet high; silkoline filling; were \$1 10; this week (each).....69c
- Brass Extension Rods; were 7½c; now each.....3½c

Furniture Department.

- A Solid Oak China Cabinet, with bent glass ends, that you cannot buy elsewhere for less than \$15 00—with us.....\$12.50
- Solid Oak Extension Tables—6 feet long—leaves and casters complete—a \$7 50 table—with us for.....\$4 98
- Large Quartered and Polished Oak Sideboard, with French plate mirror—we just save you five dollars when we sell it for.....\$20 00
- A Morris Chair that is a Morris Chair—large, heavy and strong—in quartered oak or mahogany, finished frame, corduroy cushion—it is easily a \$12.50 Chair with us.....\$10 00
- Golden Oak Dressers, with French plate mirror—well made and finished—with others, \$10 50—with us.....\$8 75
- A Three-Piece Bedroom Suit, in solid oak or fine mahogany finish—beveled edge mirror and beautifully finished for.....\$22.50

GO-CARTS.

Fifty new samples; every one a bargain. We challenge any one to buy these carts elsewhere at anywhere near these prices. Be on hand early and select the best.

- Go-Carts, fancy design, adjustable back and fronts, nicely upholstered, with parasol, rubber tired, enameled gear; regular price, \$7.25—Sample Price.....\$5.49
- Go-Carts, fancy design, all the latest improvements; sold by all others for \$10.00—Sample Price.....\$7.98
- Other handsome samples, \$12.50, \$14.98, \$19 98.

D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

ANDREE HEARD FROM.

The explanation given by the Commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company of the reported finding of parts of Andree's balloon among the Eskimos of northeastern Canada is plausible. He says that the agents of the company distributed many pictures of the balloon among the natives, who were told of the possibility that it might descend among them and of the advantage they would derive from giving aid to the explorers. He has no doubt that some inventive Eskimo concocted the story of the finding of these relics. The fact that the pictures and the story of Andree's project were distributed in many isolated places where it was thought the balloon might land, may account for the rumors, from time to time, that the explorers, or some of their equipment, had been found in Alaska, British Columbia, Finland and Siberia.

Practically all the Arctic coasts, including those of Siberia and East Greenland, have been searched for relics, but nothing has been found since August 31, 1900, when the first buoy that Andree threw overboard, eleven hours after he made his ascent from Danes Island, Spitzbergen, was picked up on the coast of the little island of Skjervoe in northern Norway. It contained one of the three messages recovered. Another brought news only fifty-five minutes later; while the third, carried to the whaler *Alken* by a pigeon, nine days after the ascent, was dated two days and an hour and a half after the balloon was cut loose from its moorings. All were well, but instead of having traveled by that time, as Andree had hoped, at least 900 miles to the north, passing near the pole, he was only 145 nautical miles north and forty-five miles east of the point of departure; he was making "good progress eastward" instead of northward.—*Toronto Truth*.

"Polly has found something wrong with the dictionary."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"She's discovered that divorce comes before marriage."—*Yonker's Statesman*.

Coming out of a women's club: "The difference between my husband's club and mine," said the pretty woman in the turquoise colored toque, looking at her watch, "is that mine lasts from two until six, and his lasts from six until two."—*Life*

A back number—*Helen*: "Is that the latest book you are reading, dear?" *Miss Reader*: "Oh, dear, no! Why, this book has been out since noon, yesterday."—*Ohio State Journal*.

STATEMENT OF THE German Savings Institution. St. Louis, Mo.

April 30, 1902.

ORGANIZED 1853.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$4,679,298.31	Capital Stock	\$ 250,000.00
Real Estate	125,900.00	Surplus	350,000.00
St. Louis City and other Bonds	926,680.00	Undivided Profits	169,025.73
Cash	1,372,974.78	Reserve for interest	10,000.00
	\$7,104,853.09	Deposits	6,325,827.36
			\$7,104,853.09

JOHN WAHL, President.

RICHARD HOSPES, Cashier.

Travelers' Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

3% interest paid on time deposits.

2% interest paid on current accounts.

ODEON—Spring Season. RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF THE FAMOUS ROYAL ITALIAN BAND

GUISEPPE CREATORE, Conductor.

Concerts Every Evening at 8:15—Saturday and Sunday at 3.
PRICES, 25c and 50c. Seats at Bollman's.

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health and renewed vigor.

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Contains a double-page
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Progress—*Castleton*: "I have been making
some big improvements in my library,"
Clubberly: "What have you been doing?"
Castleton: "Oh, giving away a lot of books."
— *Detroit Free Press*.

"Kipling is Dead"

This is the title of a strong critical article
in the *Goose-Quill*, the new, unconventional,
literary magazine that is making such an
unprecedented sensation on account of its
virile letter press and audacious illustrations.
If you like the brain-annihilating slushmush-
gush magazines, you won't like the *Goose-
Quill*. Every number's a verbal volcano.
Interesting articles in recent numbers are:

"Schley, Dewey, Miles and Roosevelt,"
(a critical comparison.)

"The Rage for Leg-Literature."

"Kipling is Dead."

"The Truth About Robert Louis Stevenson,"

"Rossetti's Startling Poem, 'Jenny'"

(Reprint)

"About That Man in East Aurora."

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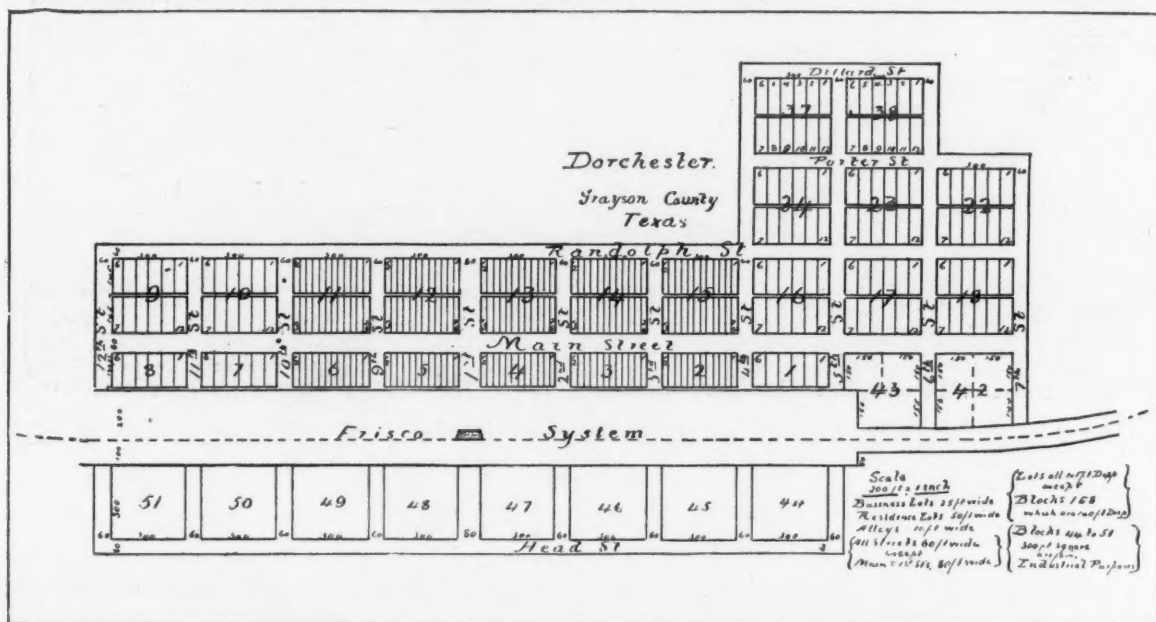
Town Lot Sale at DORCHESTER, TEXAS,

— BY THE —

BLACK LAND TOWNSITE CO.

Saturday, May 24, 1902.

Below will be found a plat of the townsite of Dorchester, showing lots which are to be auctioned off on the above date. This enables prospective purchasers to select lots on which they desire to bid before the date of sale.



The town of Dorchester is located on the Red River, Texas & Southern Railway (Frisco System), twelve miles south of Sherman, in Grayson County. The agricultural belt, of which it forms the center, is almost too well known to require description. The soil is of the well-known "black waxy" variety, and is famous for the diversity and abundance of its crops. Wheat and cotton here flourish side by side, the yields equaling and often surpassing those of the most fertile wheat fields of the South. Corn, barley, rye and oats are produced in astonishing quantities. Surrounded by a farming region of such fertility, and with the commanding geographical position it occupies, there can be no question as to the future of Dorchester, nor could one select a place more certain of yielding

LARGE RETURNS ON INVESTMENTS.

To enable prospective purchasers to visit Dorchester at moderate expense on the date in question, SPECIAL TRAINS will be run from FT. WORTH and SHERMAN, on which very low rates will be charged (Excursion flyers giving full information on this point will be issued). In addition to this there will be in effect, on Tuesday, May 20th, Special Homeseekers' Rates from all points on the



All purchasers of town lots to the amount of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) or more may obtain refund of railroad fare paid, to any amount not exceeding Thirty Dollars (\$30.00) by presenting receipts for such fare to John Summerfield, General Agent, Blackland Townsite Company, American National Bank Building, Dallas, Texas.

Further and more detailed information as to terms of sale, rates of railroad fare, etc., will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

BRYAN SNYDER,

Passenger Traffic Manager Frisco System, ST. LOUIS.

W. A. TULEY,

General Passenger Agent Fort Worth & Rio Grande Ry.
and Red River, Texas & Southern Ry.,

JOHN SUMMERFIELD,
Secretary Black Land Townsite Co., American National Bank Building, DALLAS, TEX.

FT. WORTH, TEX.

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